

NOVEMBER

NO. 37

10¢

SMASH COMICS



THE RAY



ESPIONAGE



ROOKIE RANKIN



THE MARKSMAN



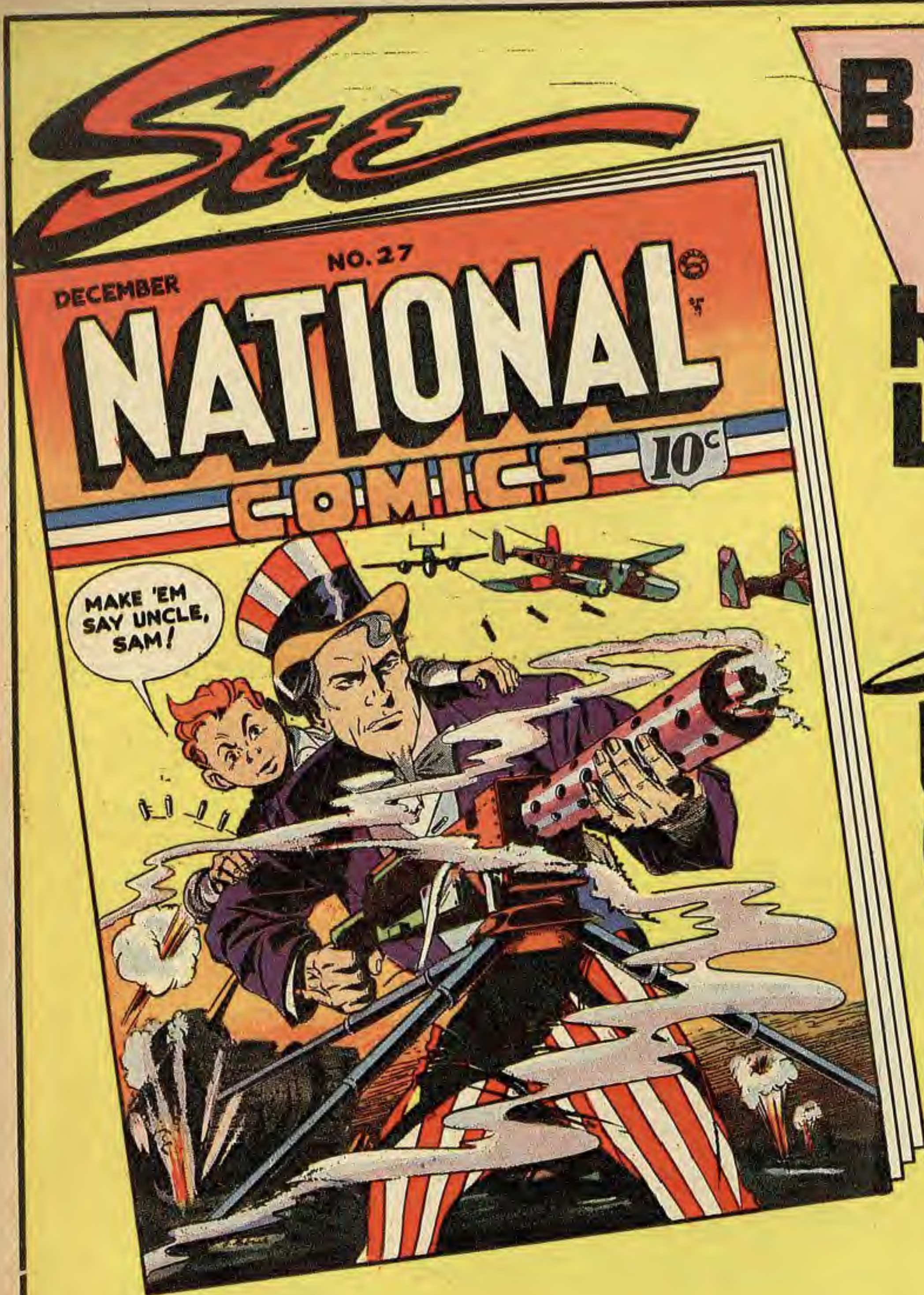
**MIDNIGHT
SCORES
AGAIN!**

WHOOOSH



**DOC WACKEY BECOMES THE
FASTEST HUMAN ON EARTH!**

**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**



**BEHIND
THE
HEAD
LINES**

SEE
**UNCLE
SAM**
IN
Action

**A REAL THRILLING
COMIC MAGAZINE**

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HEE HEE!

NO ONE CAN
STOP ME!.. NOT
EVEN MIDNIGHT!

OH!!
ME!

DOC WACKEY GOES BERSERK!

DAVE CLARK, ALIAS
MIDNIGHT, AND GABBY
THE TALKING MONKEY
HAVE THEIR HANDS FULL
WHEN THEIR FRIEND
AND COMPANION, DOC
WACKEY, RUNS WILD ON
A CRIME SPREE! HOLD
ON TO YOUR SEATS FOR
THIS IS THE FASTEST
STORY
YET!

With
GABBY
THE
WORLD'S
ONLY
TALKING
MONKEY!

LAST MONTH, MIDNIGHT WAS KILLED IN A BATTLE WITH THE UNDERWORLD! BUT A MYSTERIOUS PROFESSOR OFFERS TO RE-VIVE HIM IF DOC WACKEY WOULD GIVE UP HIS OWN LIFE! IN RETURN! ... DOC AGREED TO THE TERMS. MIDNIGHT, THO, DOESN'T KNOW OF THE BARGAIN, NOR DOES HE KNOW HE WAS ACTUALLY DEAD!

I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT... MY BEING UNCONSCIOUS FOR A WEEK!

WE THOUGHT YOU WERE A GONER, SURE?

AW, YOU CAN'T KILL DAVE... HE'S TOO TOUGH!

R-RING

DOORBELL! ... I'LL GET IT!

YOU!!

POSITIVELY DOC. WACKEY! I'VE ..ER.. COME FOR THE BODY!

I..I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU... ONLY PLEASE WAIT OUTSIDE!

I UNDERSTAND... BUT HURRY!

G..GOOD-BYE LADS...:SN..FF: ITS BETTER THIS WAY..

WHO WAS IT, DOC?

SLAM!

PROBABLY SOME SALESMAN! ... DOC'S A SUCKER FOR NEW GADGETS!

I SAID... ??? HE'S GONE!!

THEN IT'S COME! ...OH GOLLEE!!

WHAT'S COME ??

I GUESS IT'S TIME TO TELL YOU THE TRUE STORY... DOC MADE ME PROMISE NOT TO TELL, BUT I JUS' GOTTA ...LISTEN!...

SO GABBY REVEALS DOC'S BARGAIN WITH THE PROFESSOR...

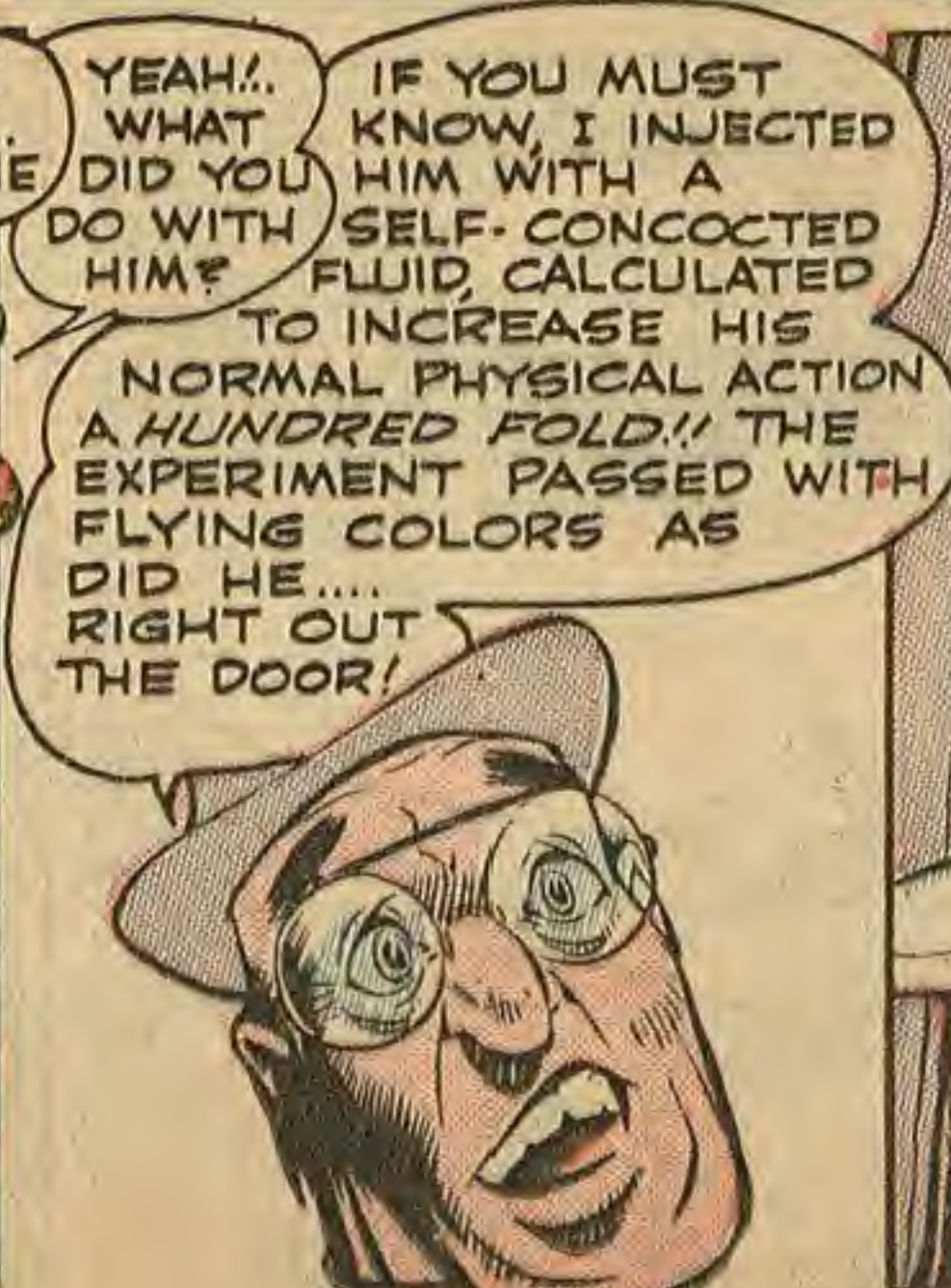
GIVING UP HIS OWN LIFE FOR MINE, IS HE? NOT ON MY TINTYPE!

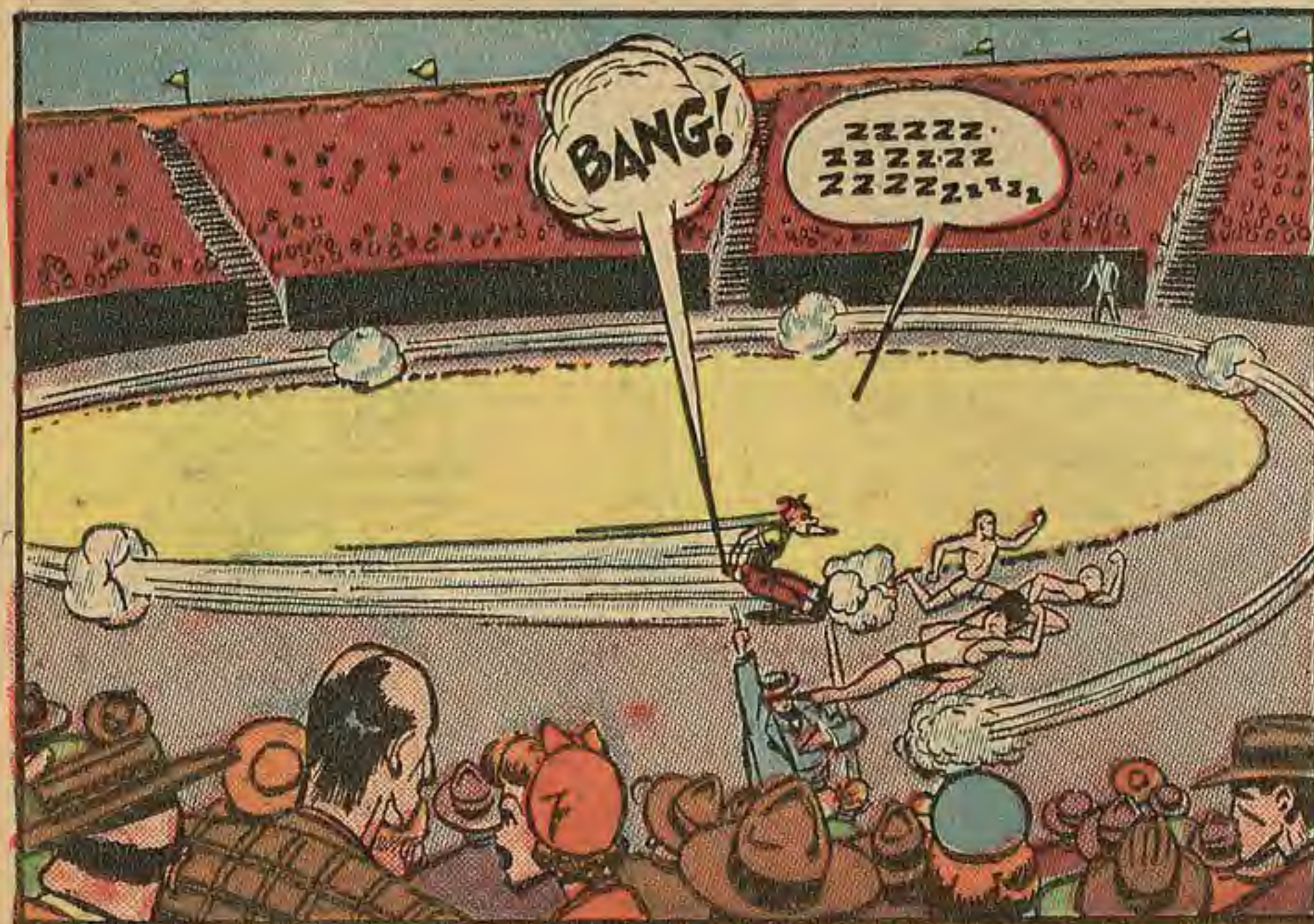
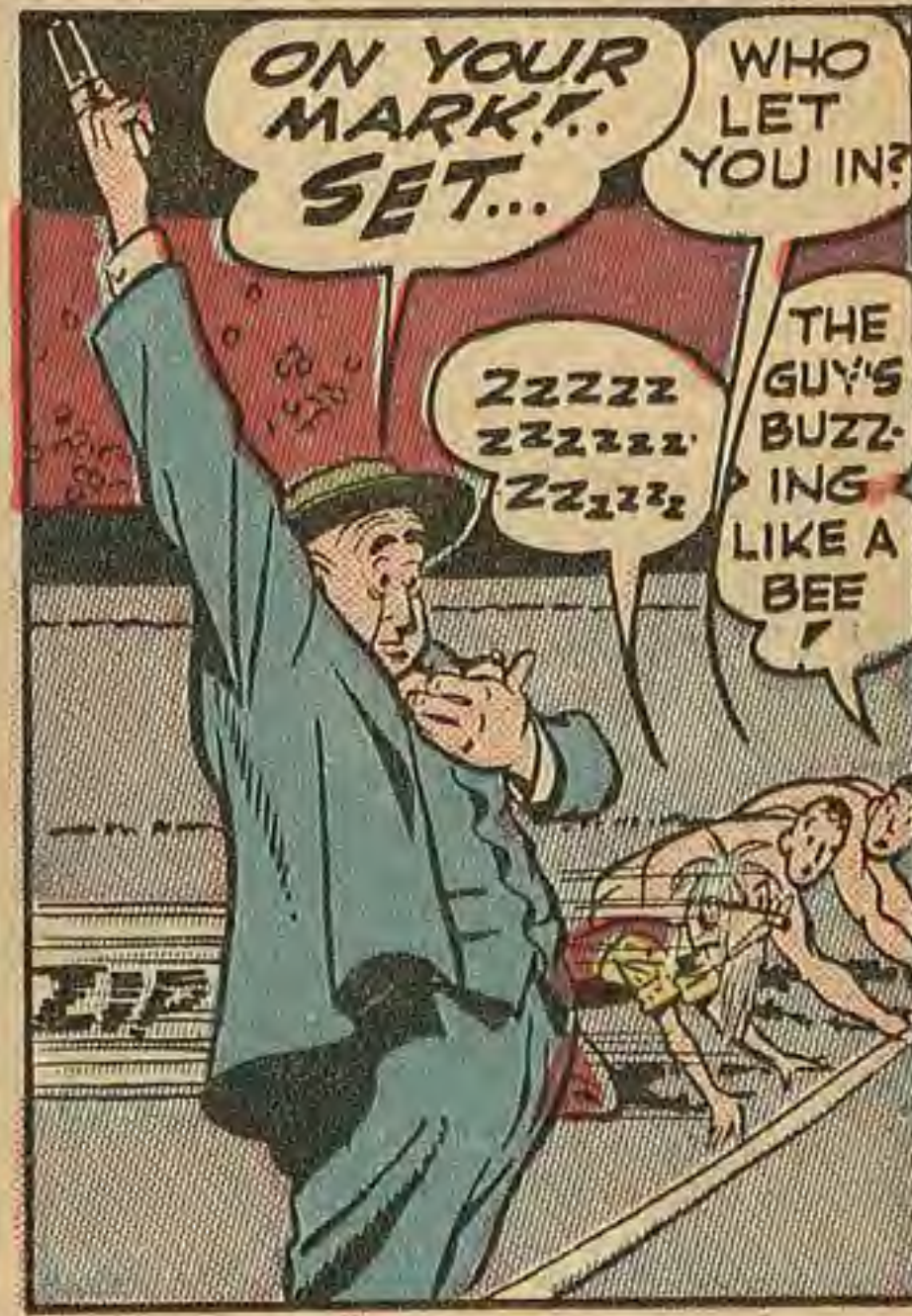
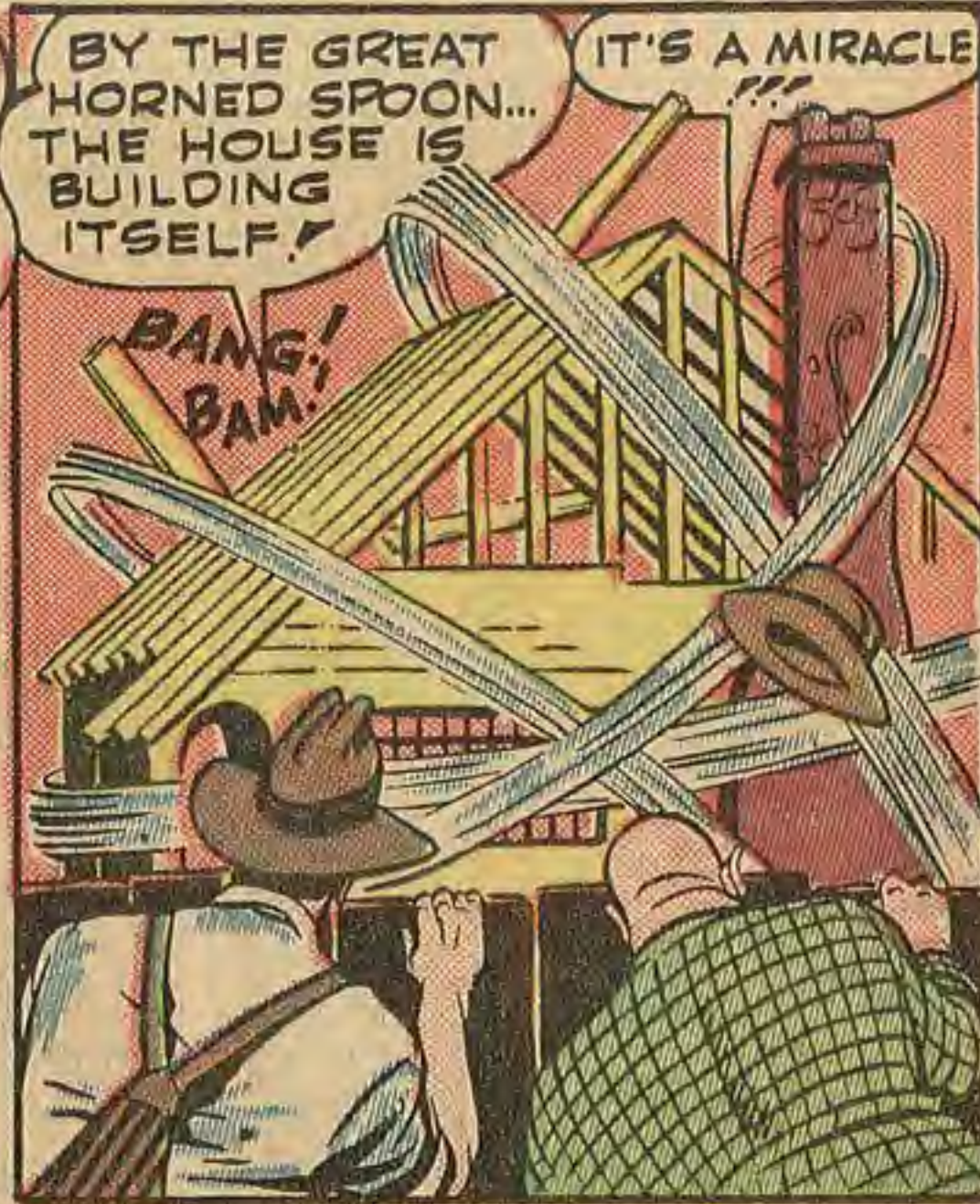
OH BOY!! ACTION !!!

GO AHEAD... LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH!

OH, DON'T BE SO MORBID..YOU HAVE A FIFTY-FIFTY CHANCE OF SURVIVAL !!!

MEANWHILE...











NOTE... NOW THAT WE'VE LEARNED THE REASON FOR DOC'S BUZZ, WE'LL SLOW DOWN THE SOUND TRACT, SO YOU'LL BE ABLE TO HEAR WHAT IS SAID!



FIRST NATIONAL...

THERE IT GOES AGAIN!!



SECOND NATIONAL...

FIRST IT'S GONE THEN IT'S BACK... NOW IT'S GONE! THIS IS GETTING MONO-TONOUS ??

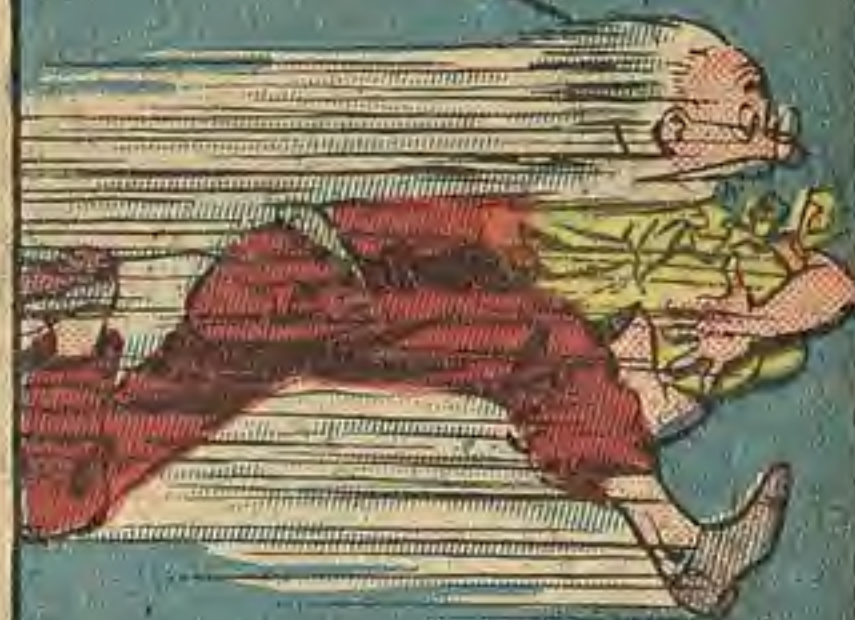


THIRD NATIONAL...

I GIVE UP! ANOTHER DAY LIKE THIS'LL DRIVE ME NUTS!!



RECKON I'M OLD ENOUGH TO MAKE MY OWN DECISIONS!!



ONE MINUTE, OLD BOY... WE CAN'T LET YOU DO IT!

IT'S NO USE! MY MIND'S MADE UP!

IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO USE FORCE !!



STOP IT! LET ME GO! DO YOU HEAR? LEGGO!!

NOT UNTIL YOU'VE COME TO YOUR SENSES!!

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES IT'S A CYCLONE!!

LAND O' GOSHEN !!



FINALLY DOC COMES TO HIS SENSES...

I'VE BEEN A FOOL! YES AN IDIOT.. WHY DID I EVER LET THEM TALK ME INTO IT?

DON'T FEEL SO DEPRESSED... YOU CAN RETURN THE MONEY IN A JIFFY!



THEY MISLED ME, THAT'S WHAT... I'M GOING BACK AND MANGLE THEM PERSONALLY!!

AHHH... THAT'S MORE LIKE THE OLD DOC!!



REMEMBER, NOW.. THIS IS MY SHOW!! GRAB YOUR SELVES A SEAT IN THE BLEACHERS AND WATCH THE FEATHERS FLY!

WE'LL BE ROOTING FOR YOU ALL THE WAY!!

I PITY POOR SCULL!





ESPIONNAGE

STARRING
BLACK X AND
BATU..

Another AUTHENTIC
BLACK X THRILLER
★★★★

by
Alex
Kotzky



Into THE BUSY INTELLIGENCE OFFICE
IN WASHINGTON, WALKS A BEWILDERED
BUT DETERMINED LITTLE
GIRL...



IS IT NOT THAT YOU
ARE BLACK X?..

YES IT IS
NOT THAT I
AM... I MEAN,
SURE I AM...
BUT WHO
ARE YOU
?



I AM TINKA
VAN DOORNE,
AND THERE
IS TROUBLE
IN MY HOME
THAT I HAVE
COME TO
YOU, PLEASE!

WELL TINKA, YOU
WILL HAVE TO
TELL ME ALL
ABOUT IT OVER
A DISH OF
ICE CREAM...
COME ON!



LATER...

YOU ESCAPED FROM HOLLAND WITH YOUR MOTHER, BUT YOUR FATHER IS IN A CONCENTRATION CAMP IN GERMANY... NOW WHAT?

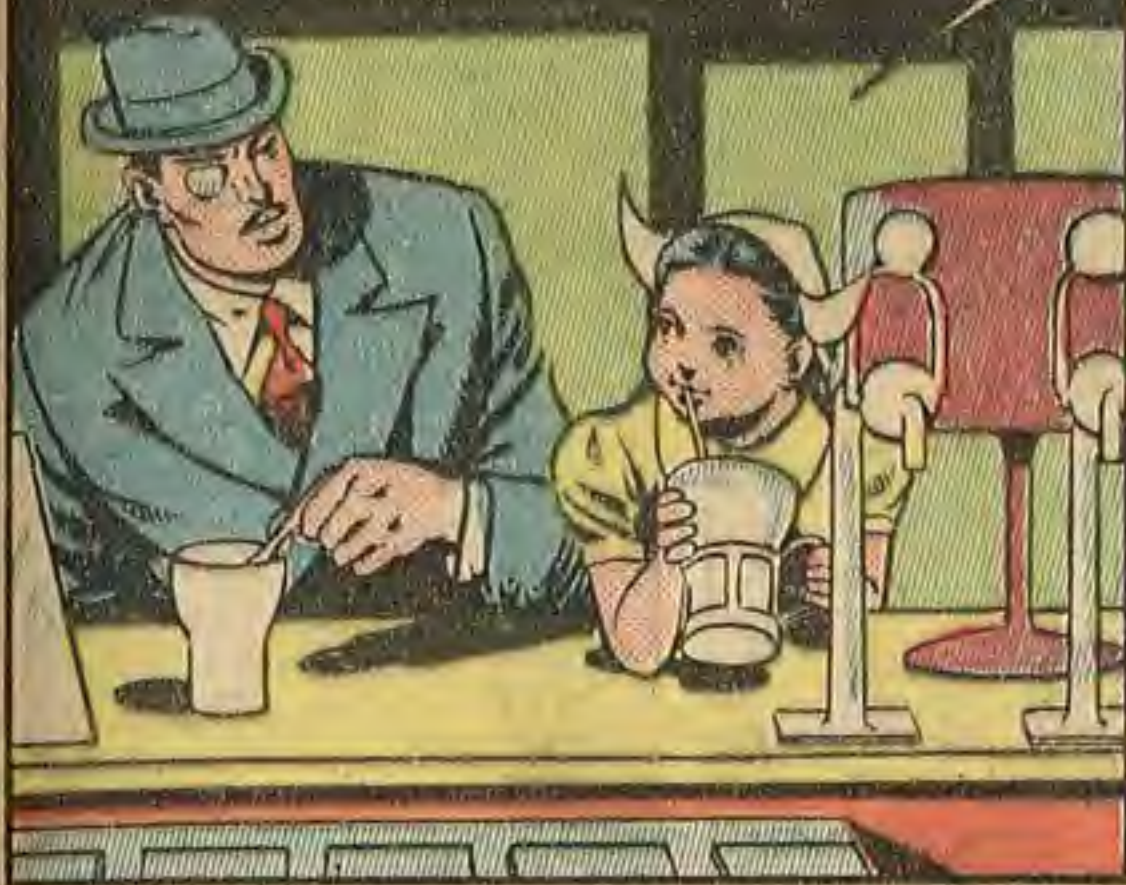
IT IS THAT A MAN WHO LOOKS LIKE PAPA COMES MANY TIMES TO SEE MY MOTHER...

...HE TALKS AND SCOLDS.. WHEN HE LEAVES, MAMA IS AFRAID TO TALK TO ANYONE ABOUT HIM!

I SEE, NOW LISTEN, TINKA... AND TELL YOUR MOTHER TO DO AS I SAY...

NEXT DAY... IN AN OCULIST SHOR..

THAT MUST BE TINKA'S MOTHER... SHE'S BEING FOLLOWED ALL RIGHT!



CAN YOU ADJUST MY GLASSES? I AM HAVING TROUBLE WITH THEM!

THAT'S THE PASS WORD! YES, MRS. VAN DOORNE, EXPLAIN YOUR PROBLEM!

THREATENING HARM TO MY HUSBAND IN HOLLAND, THIS NAZI HAS FORCED ME TO GIVE DETAILS OF HIS HABITS AND MANNERS SO THAT THE NAZIS MAY UNCOVER THE UNDERGROUND MOVEMENT IN HOLLAND!

I WILL HELP YOU!



THE SAME NIGHT...

YOU WILL BE GLAD TO HEAR THAT OUR PETER VAN DOORNE IS ON HIS WAY TO HOLLAND BY U-BOAT... HOWEVER, WE WISH TO KEEP THIS SECRET, SO...



WE WILL HOLD YOUR DAUGHTER AS HOSTAGE UNTIL THE MISSION HAS BEEN COMPLETED!

NO!.. OH, NO!..



TEN MINUTES LATER...

THEY ARE WATCHING ME... SO I CANNOT CALL BLACK X... ..OH...



BLACK X SPEAKING...DON'T WORRY, MY MAN BATU IS WATCHING TINKA... DO NOTHING YOURSELF... SHE WILL BE SAFE... NOW TELL ME THAT I'VE GOT THE WRONG NUMBER IN CASE THEY ARE LISTENING!!!



TWO WEEKS LATER
ON THE DIKES OF
ONCE FREE HOLLAND..



THANK
YOU....
..THANK..



I AM HANS
RUNKER.. MY
FISHING BOAT
STRUCK A
MINE... LET
ME TELL
YOU ABOUT
IT!



ONLY HOPE THE
UNDERGROUND
BOYS ACCEPT
ME AS EASILY AS
THAT...



DO YOU HAVE ANY
BLACKBERRY WINE
FOR A MAN WHO'S
COME FROM
AFAR?..



CERTAINLY,
FRIEND...COME
DOWN TO THE
WINE CELLAR!



IT IS **BLACK X**!.. THIS IS
HE'S COME TO DOUBLE LUCK
HELP US! INDEED!.. SEE,
PETER VAN DOORNE,
HE'S JUST ESCAPED
FROM PRISON?



YES, **BLACK X**, HE BRINGS
BAD TIDINGS.... THE
NAZIS HAVE DIS-
COVERED US... WE
FIVE KEY MEN MUST
LEAVE FOR ENGLAND
ON FRIDAY!



HM...M... BUT
FIRST I MUST
WARN YOU...



NO!.. I MUST
WARN THEM!!



THIS MAN'S AN
IMPOSTER! **BLACK
X** HAS THREE
SCARS ON HIS
CHEEK... SEE,
OUR FRIEND
HAS NONE!



VERY
CLEVER
YOU
NAZI...
OOOH!



QUICK!.. GET
RID OF HIM...IF
HE HAS ANY
OTHERS WORK-
ING WITH HIM,
THEY WILL BE
HERE SOON!



AND WE
SHOWED
HIM OUR
ESCAPE
PLANS!!





INTO THE CANAL WITH HIM!



BUT THE CHILL OF THE WATER REVIVES BLACK X!

WHEW! IF I CAN ONLY DRAG THIS LOAD OVER TO THAT SHARP ROCK!!



MADE IT!!



LOOKS LIKE THE ONLY WAY I'LL CONVINCE THEM THAT THIS BIRD'S A PHONEY IS TO GET THE REAL VAN DOORNE OUT OF PRISON BEFORE FRIDAY!



I MUST COMMUNICATE WITH BATU AT ONCE!



YOU TELEPATHISED FOR MY IMAGE TO APPEAR, MASTER?

YES, BATU... I MUST KNOW WHERE VAN DOORNE IS INTERNED... WITH TINKA'S HELP YOU MAY FIND OUT!



BATU'S IMAGE RETURNS TO AMERICA, TO TINKA'S ROOM...

BUT THEY WILL HEAR YOU AND COME...

THAT IS WHAT I WANT... NOW DO AS I SAY, LITTLE ONE.

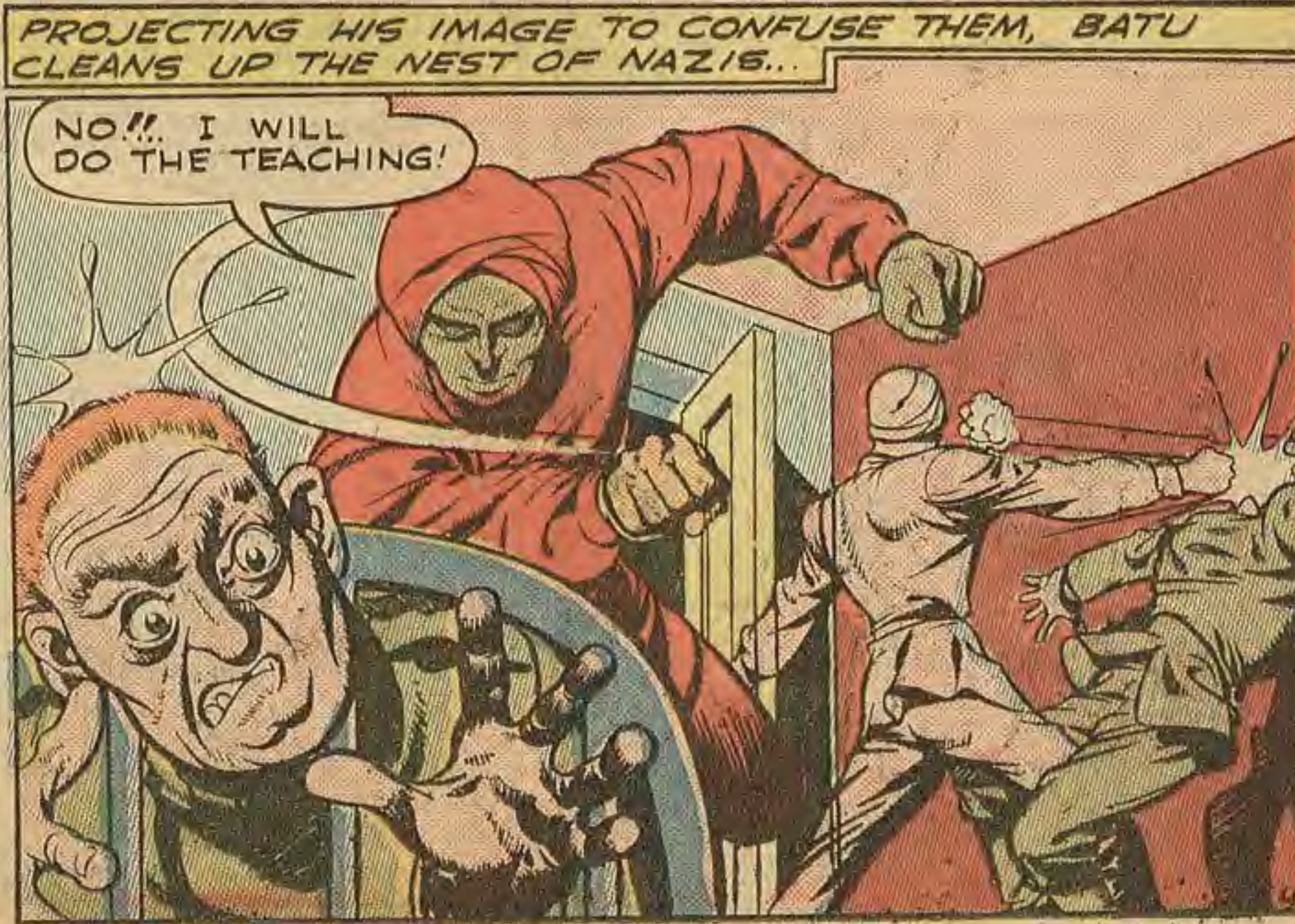


WHO WERE YOU TALKING TO?..

TO MY FATHER WHO HAS ESCAPED FROM GERMANY!



BAH! YOUR FATHER IS STILL IN BRECHAUP!... I WILL TEACH YOU TO LIE!



PROJECTING HIS IMAGE TO CONFUSE THEM, BATU CLEANS UP THE NEST OF NAZIS..

NO!!.. I WILL DO THE TEACHING!

LATER... BACK IN HOLLAND
BATU'S IMAGE REAPPEARS..



VAN DOORNE IS AT
BRECHAU, MASTER...
TINKA IS SAFE... THE
NAZIS ARE IN THE
HANDS OF THE F.B.I!

GOOD! I MUST
WORK FAST THEN
BEFORE THE
FAKE VAN DOORNE
IS WARNED!

THAT NIGHT BEFORE THE
FORMIDABLE GATES OF
THE CONCENTRATION CAMP!



WHO
GOES
THERE
??

AN AMERICAN!!
I'VE COME TO
HELP ONE OF
YOUR PRISON-
ERS ESCAPE!

A CRAZY MAN,
HERR CAPITAN!

DER REICH
HAS NO TIME
FOR MAD-
MEN!! SHOOT
HIM IN DER
MORNING!

JUST ONE LITTLE
PRISONER... LET
ME HELP HIM
ESCAPE!



OH, THANK YOU FOR THE
NICE SOFT BED!



DUMBKOPF!

OH, TINKA! MY LITTLE
PRETTY TINKA



OH, PLEASE
DON'T SING
THAT... IT IS
MY DAUGHTER'S
NAME!

PETER VAN DOORNE? THEN
COME WITH ME... I'M
BLACK X!!



GREAT
HEAVENS!!
BUT HOW
CAN WE?..

VERY SIMPLE, OPEN THE DOOR
WITH THE KEY AND THEN
MARCH!!

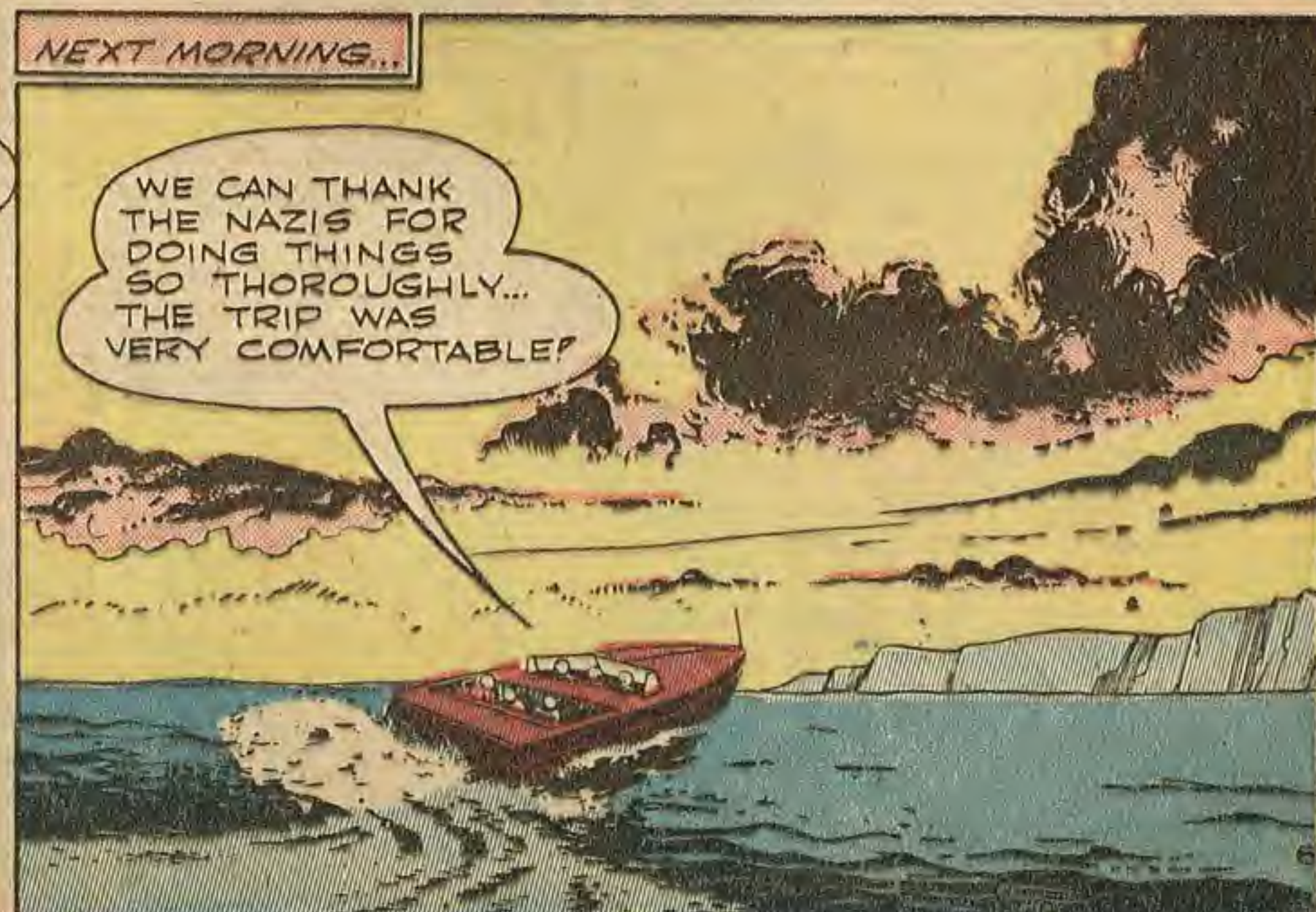


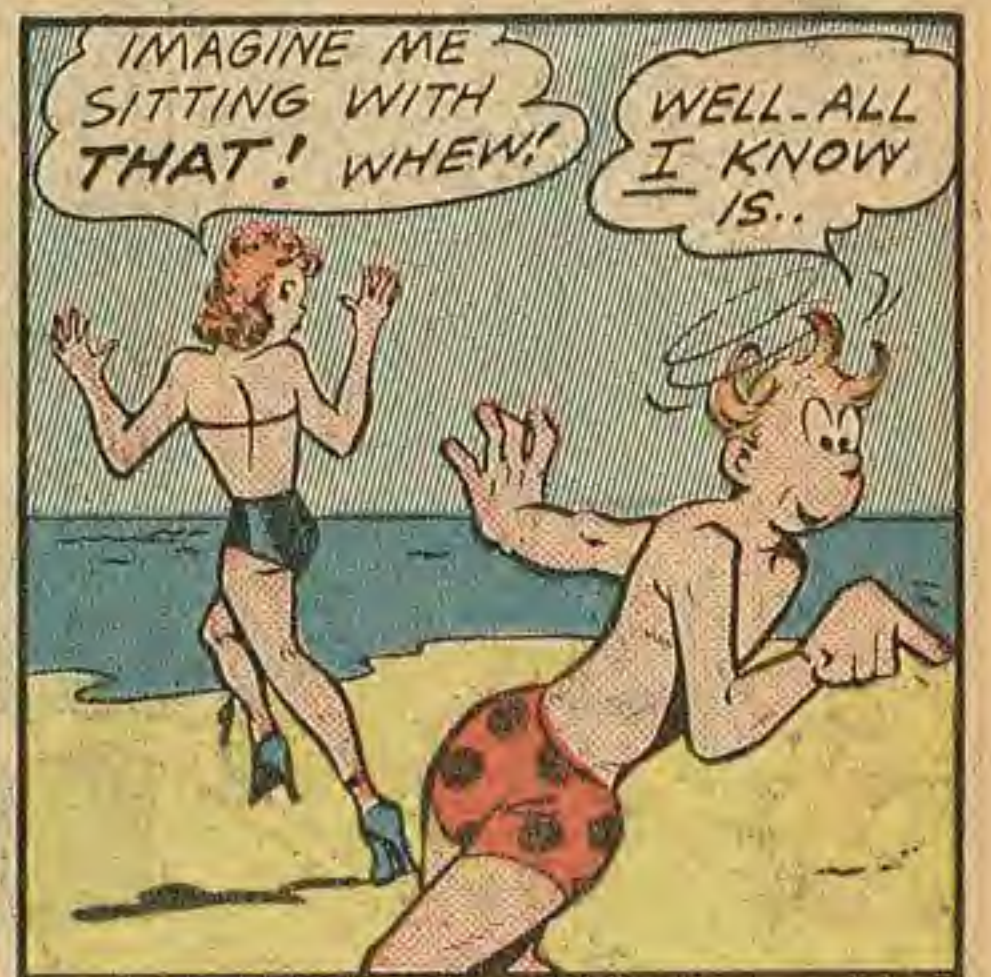
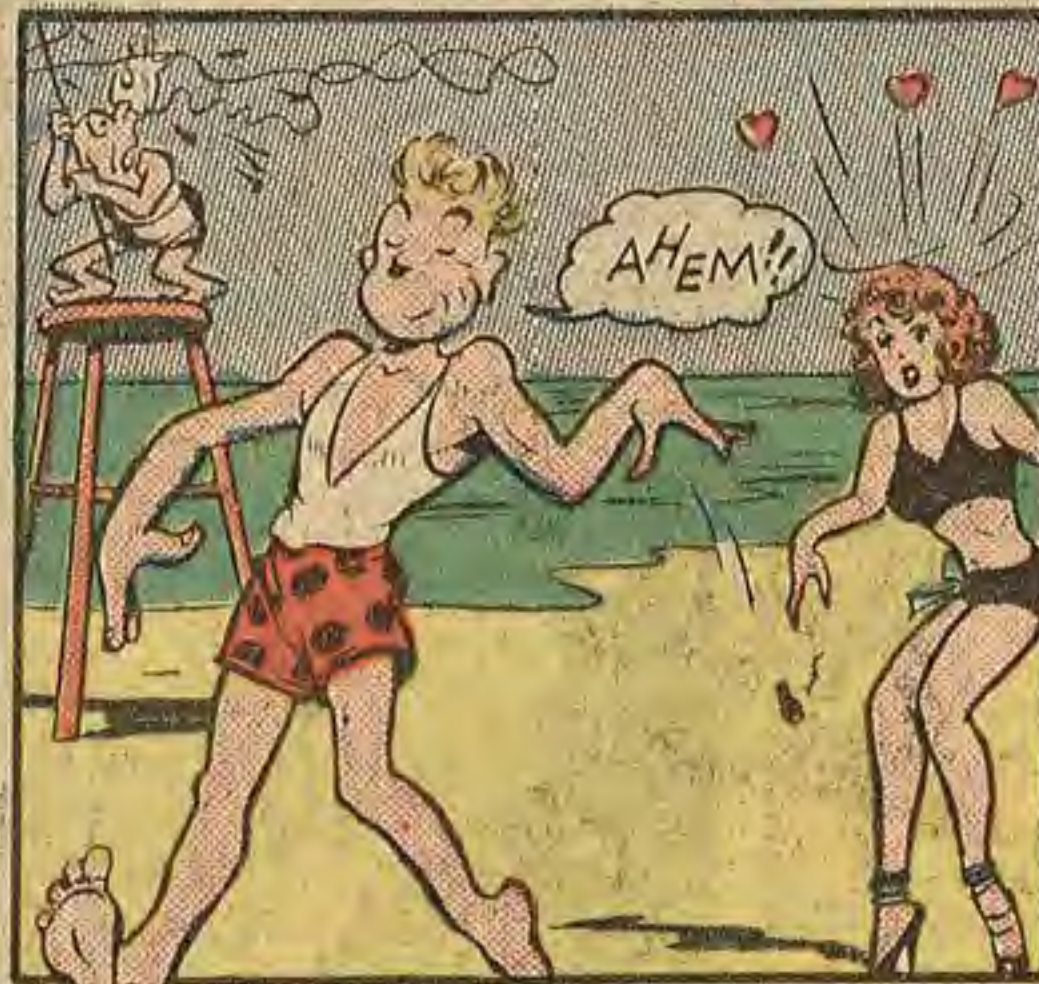
YES, WE'LL TAKE
THE STAFF CAR,
THANKS!!



SO YOU DIDN'T BELIEVE
ME, EH? JUST REMEMBER
A YANKEE THREAT IS
ALWAYS CARRIED
OUT!







The JESTER

BY PAUL GUSTAVSON

HEY...
FLATFOOT...
IS TH' SIDEWALK
SO SMALL Y'
GOTTA GET
YOURSELF
TANGLED UP
IN ME FEET?!

WHEN THEY CAME AS TOUGH AS TOUGH TONY IT SEEMED TIME TO GIVE UP FOR GOOD! BUT ROOKIE "CHUCK" LANE HAD AN ACE UP HIS SLEEVE WHEN HE ASKED THAT THE WILDEST KID ON THE BLOCK BE PAROLED INTO HIS CUSTODY... WHAT THE COURT DIDN'T KNOW... WAS THAT THE ACE IN THE HOLE MIGHT HAVE BEEN THE FACT THAT ROOKIE COP "CHUCK" LANE, AND THE **JESTER** WERE ONE AND THE SAME MAN!... THE **JESTER** COULD CRACK ANY CRIME!

DEY USED TO CALL ME TOUGH TONY, BUT NOT ANY MORE! IT'S BECAUSE O' SOMETHIN' DAT HAPPENED A YEAR AGO! DE COPS NABBED ME AN' I THOUGHT I WAS A GONNER FOR SURE!... IN COURT..

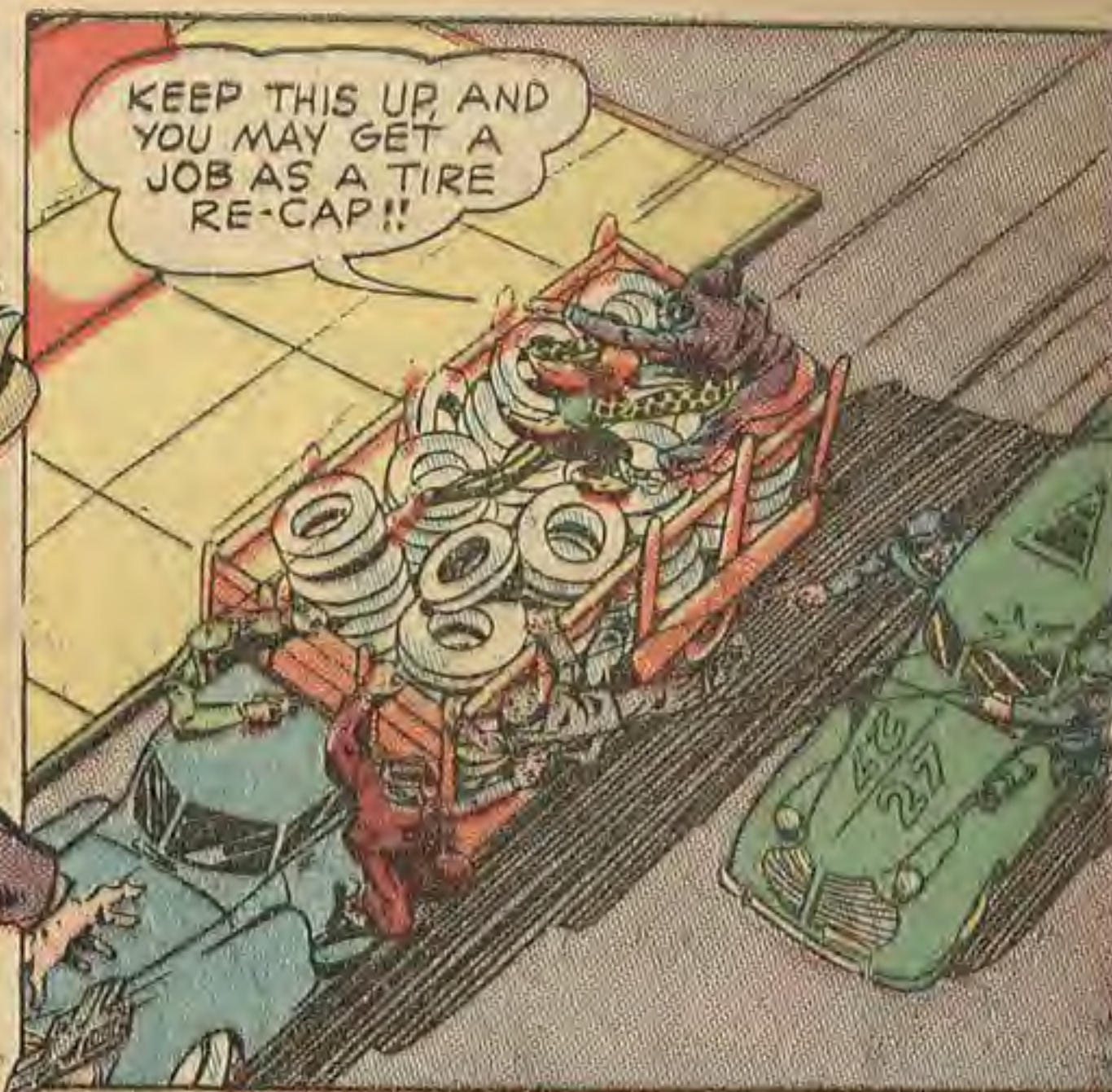




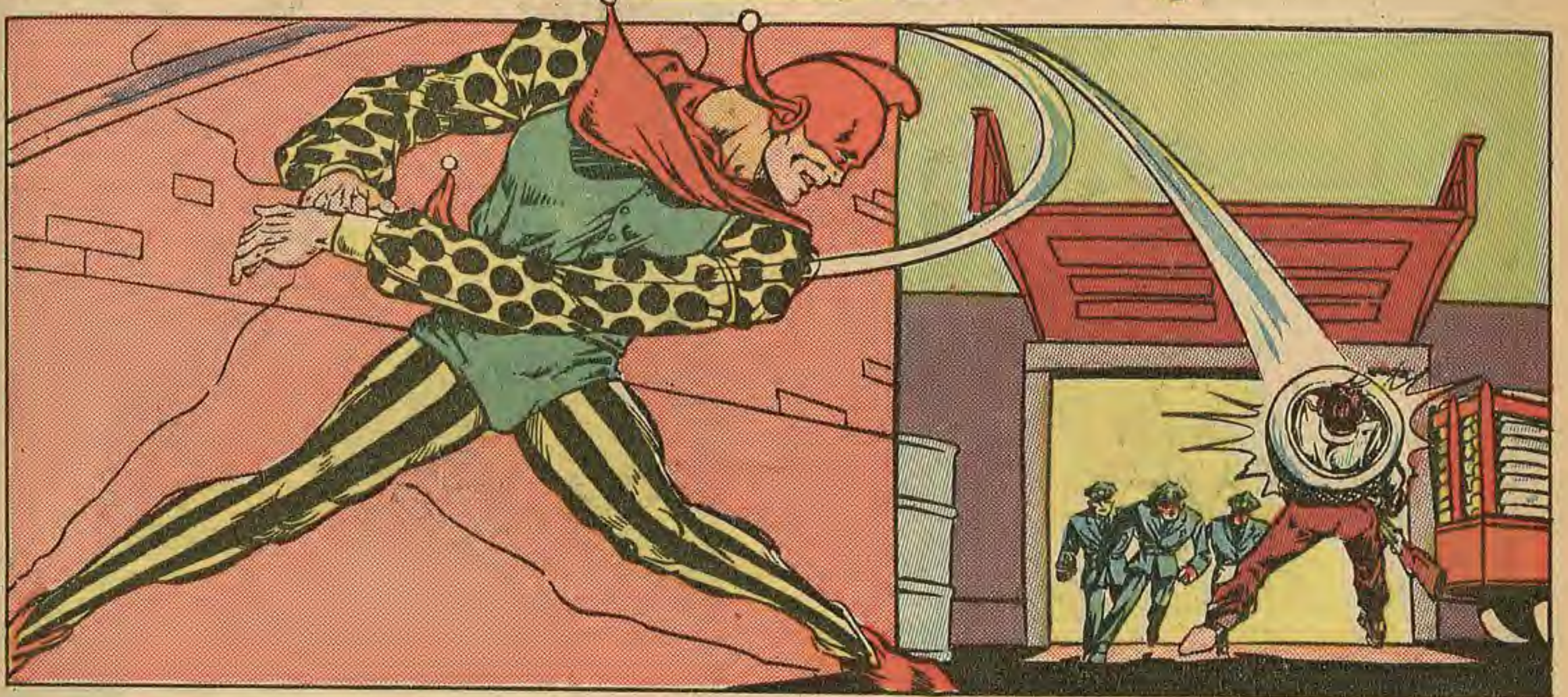
NO SOONER DOES TONY LEAVE WHEN...



ALWAYS READY FOR QUICK ACTION, THE JESTER SWINGS DOWN TO THE TRUCK OF TIRES LIKE A BOLT OF GREASED LIGHTNING...







More of The Jester in the December issue of SMASH COMICS—on sale October 16th.



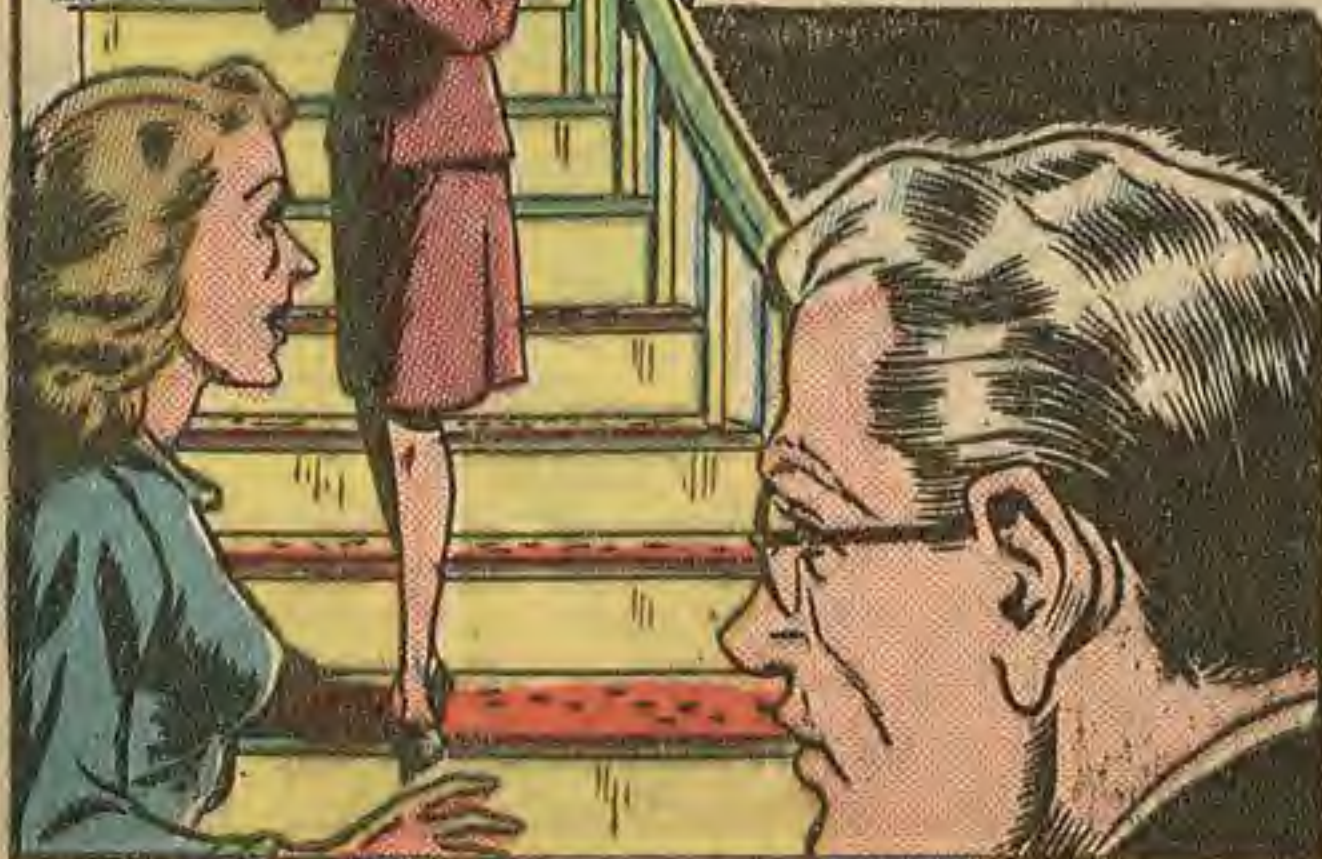
BY
JIM MOONEY
AND
BOB TURNER

WILDFIRE

ALL SET FOR THE TEST
BLACKOUT, DEAR?....
YOU LOOK BEAUTIFUL
IN UNIFORM!

WELL, AT LEAST
I LOOK LIKE AN
AIR RAID WARDEN!
I HOPE I DON'T
GET MY ORDERS
MIXED UP!

WHEN
SHE WAS
AN ORPHAN,
CAROL MARTIN,
ADOPTED DAUGHTER
OF A WEALTHY FAMILY,
RECEIVED A GIFT OF
POWER OVER ALL
FLAMES FROM THE FIRE-
GOD. NOW, CAROL, AS THE
FAMOUS WILDFIRE, FLAMING
CRUSADER AGAINST CRIME,
BATTLES THE POWERFUL, RUTH-
LESS DEAN OF DARKNESS!



HALF HOUR LATER
ALL LIGHTS OF
THE CITY BLINK
OUT! THE MOON
SCUDS BEHIND
THICK BLACK
CLOUDS...







WE DECIDED TO GIVE IN! HERE ARE THE LETTERS ASKING FOR OUR RANSOM!

BUT BEFORE YOU SEND THEM WILL YOU SEND THE DEAN BACK HERE? I'D LIKE TO BARGAIN WITH HIM FOR MY IMMEDIATE RELEASE!



THE LIGHTS DIM OUT AGAIN AND ONCE MORE.

ONE OF YOU WANTED TO SEE ME? WHAT IS IT!



IN A SPLIT SECOND CAROL BECOMES WILDFIRE!

THIS!

WHAT THE-??



YII! MY HOOD'S ON FIRE!



I THINK I'LL GIVE THE DEAN OF DARKNESS A LITTLE PRIVATE BLACKOUT ALL FOR HIMSELF!

HELP!



IT'S WILDFIRE!

WE'RE TRAPPED NOW! THE OTHERS WILL KILL US!

I DON'T THINK SO!

WILDFIRE'S FIERY WEAPON SIZZLES THROUGH THE AIR, BEHIND THE THUGS THEN STOPS AND CIRCLES BACK--



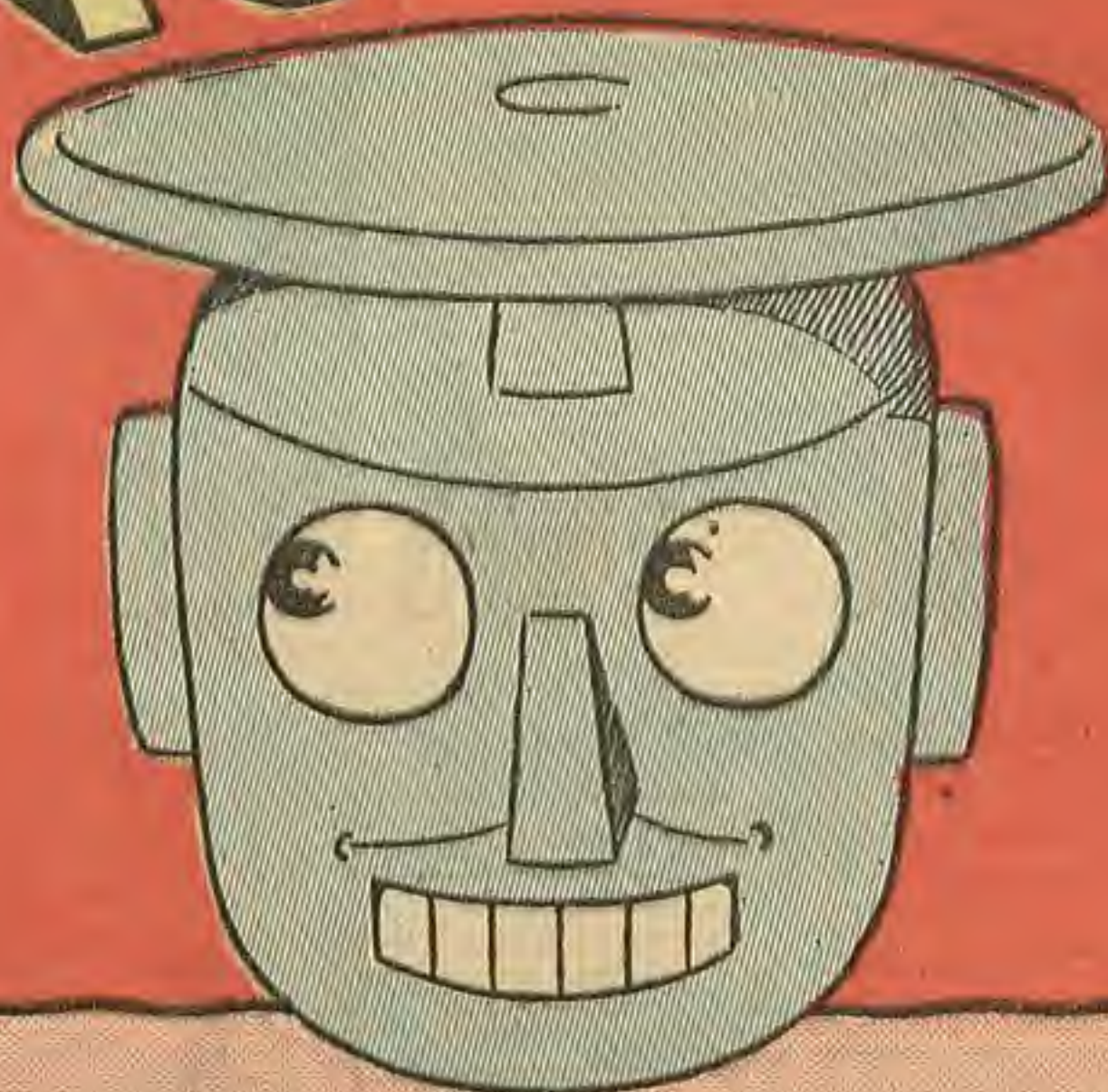


Follow Plastic Man, America's most unusual comic, each month in POLICE COMICS.

BOZO *the* ROBOT



by
WAYNE
REID.



BY MEANS OF A SMALL CONTROL BOARD, HUGH HAZZARD OPERATES THE MIGHTY IRON MAN, BOZO, TOGETHER THEY FIGHT CRIME AND EVIL IN ALL ITS PHASES..... CALLED IN TO SOLVE THE KIDNAPPING OF PETER PERCY GOTGELT III, HUGH HAZZARD LEARNS THAT EVEN A CHILD CAN INSTILL IN THE HEART OF A KIDNAPPER - THAT CRIME DOES NOT PAY-----

A STEALTHY FIGURE APPROACHES THE BED OF PETER PERCY GOTGELT III-----



QUIETLY HE WAKES THE SLUMBERING CHILD-A DEED THAT HE WILL LATER DEEPLY REGRET.....



PSST-KID, WAKE UP - WE'RE GONNA PLAY A GAME - WANTA ??

SURE - GEE, THIS IS GONNA BE FUN!

OKAY-NOW- WE DON'T WANTA LEAVE NO CLUES - UNNERSTAND ??

SURE, I'LL MEET YOU OUTSIDE!

GOOD!





THE NEXT DAY-NEWS OF THE GOTGELT KIDNAPPING IS MADE KNOWN AND HUGH HAZZARD IS ON THE CASE.....



AND AT THIS MOMENT, IN THE KIDNAPPERS HIDE-OUT...





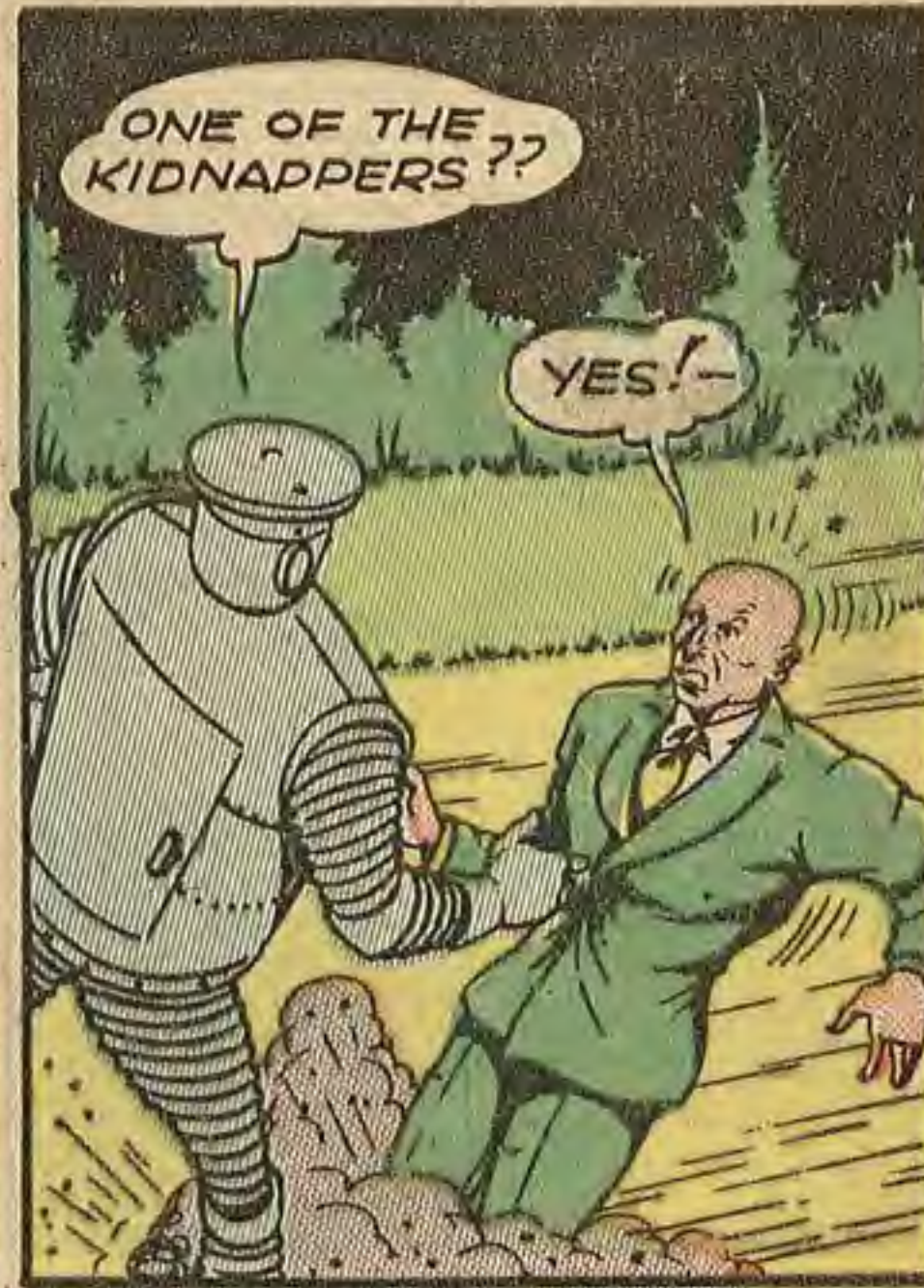
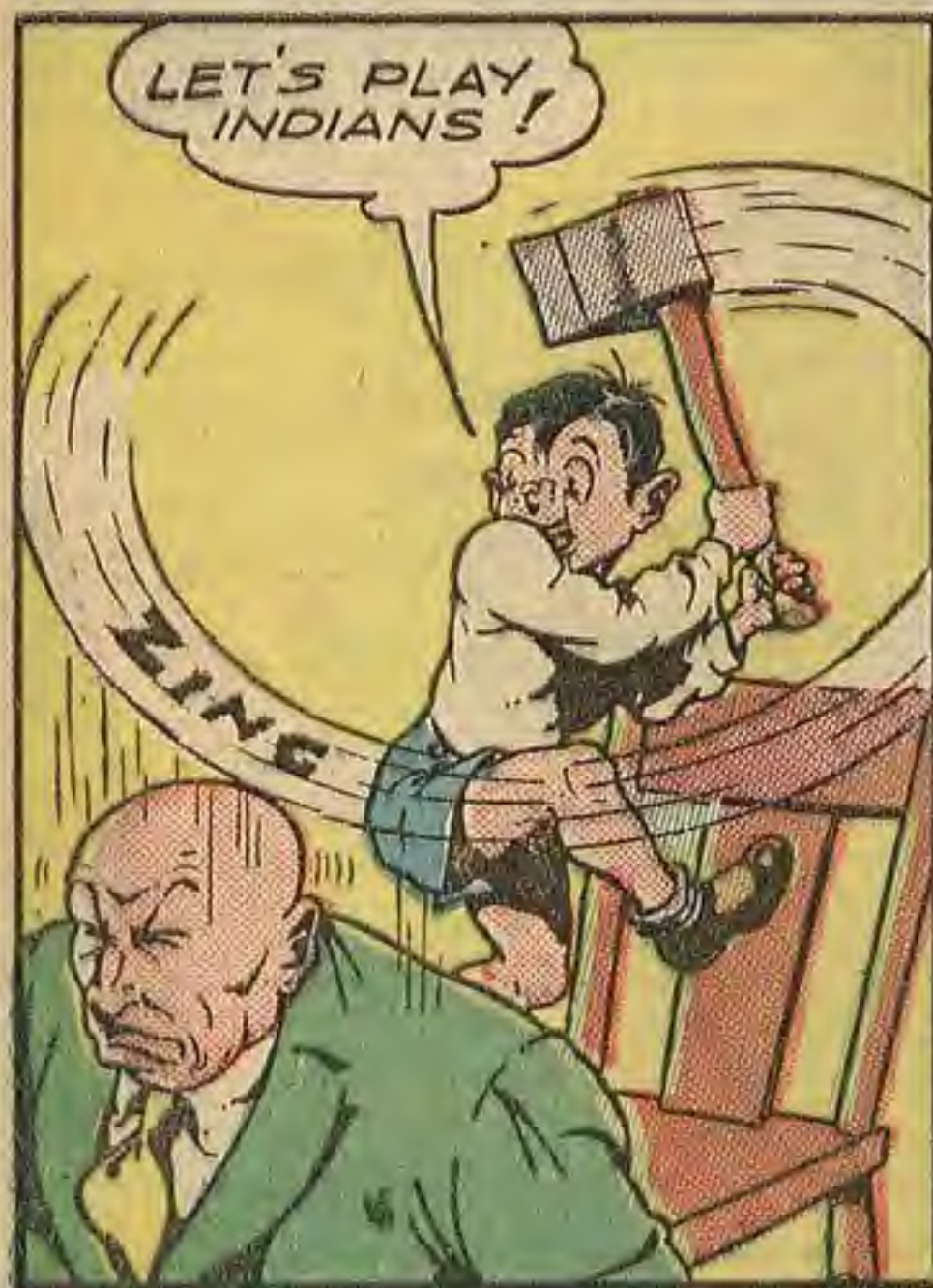
AND BACK IN GOTGELT'S HOME-

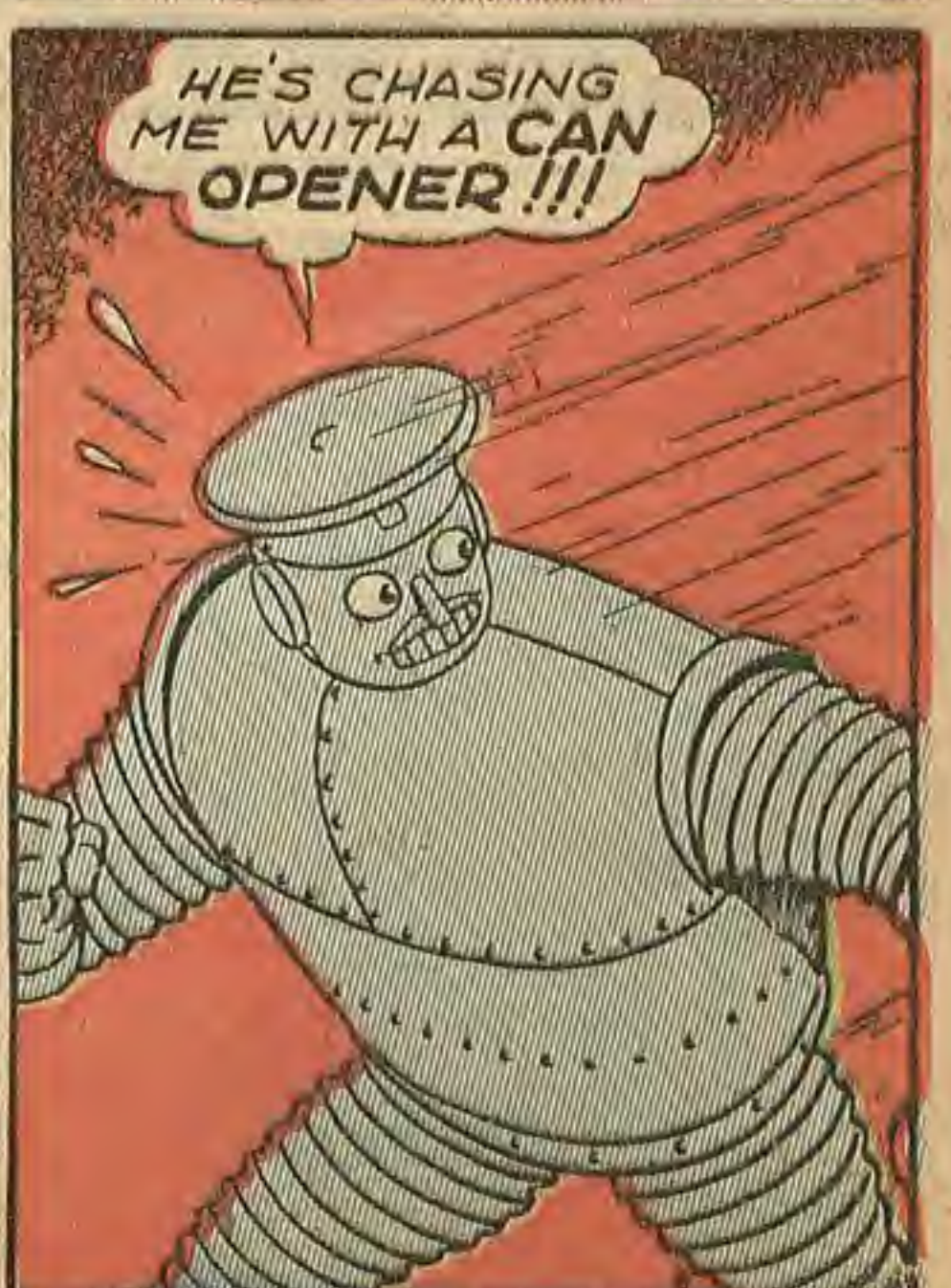
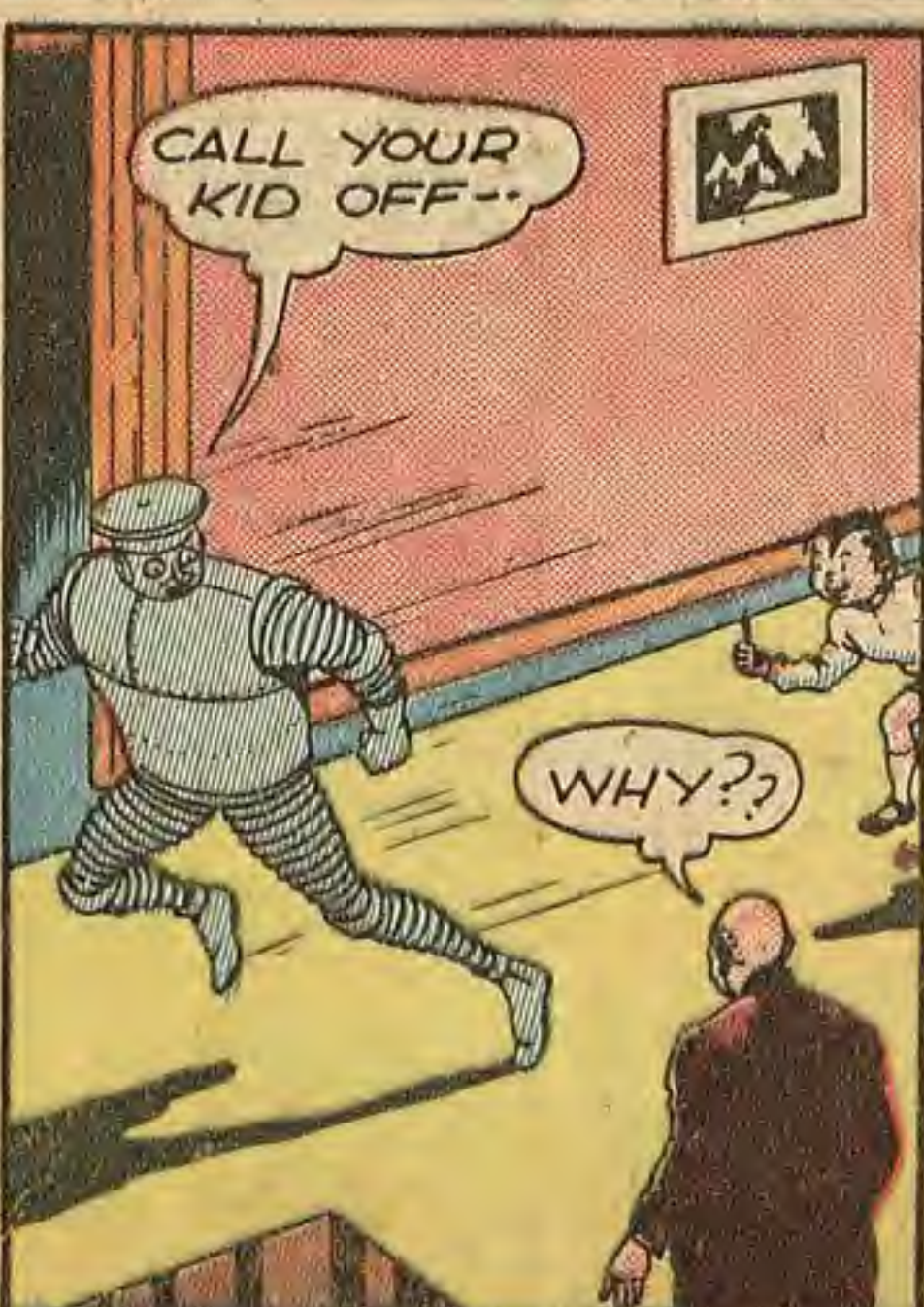
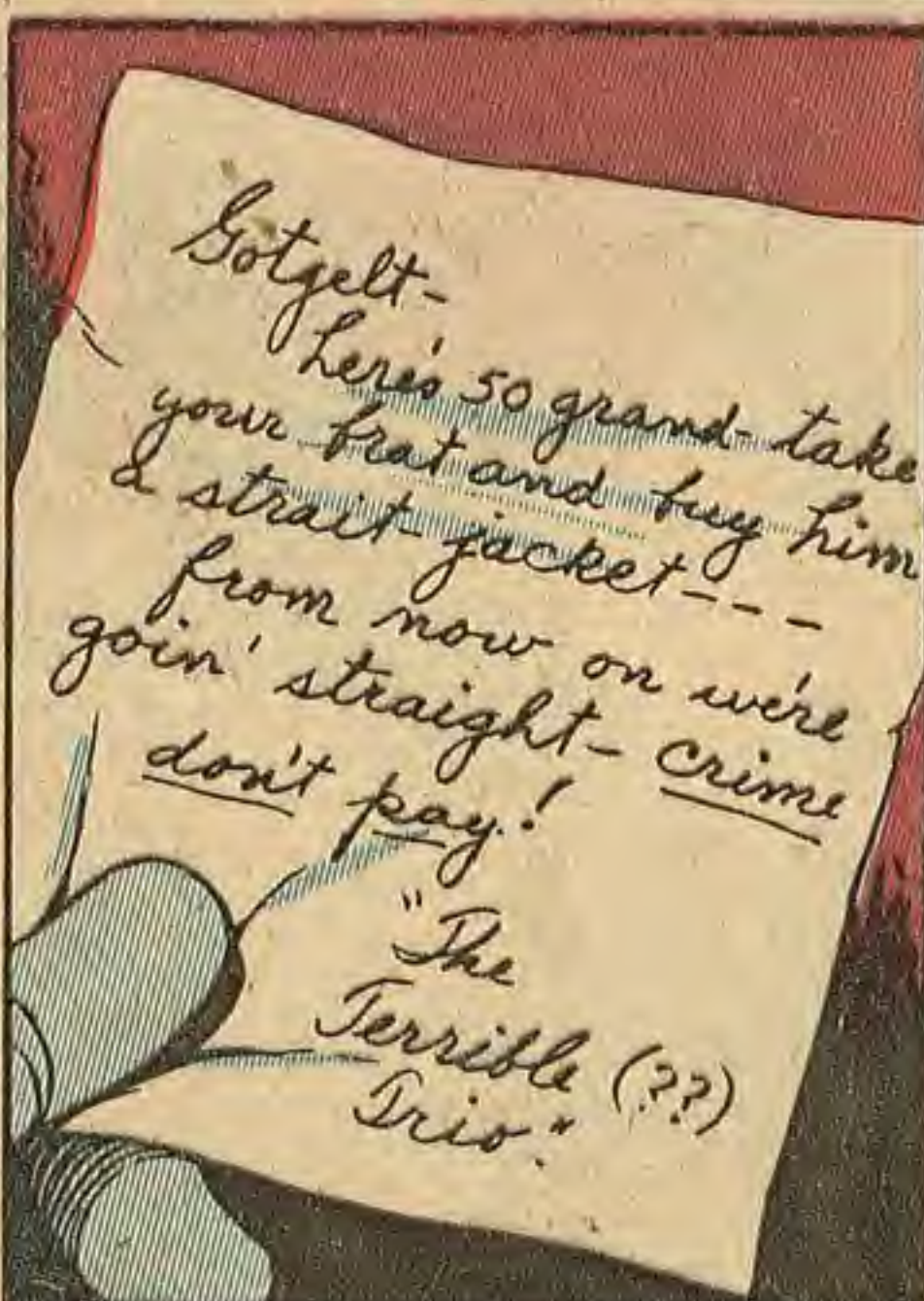
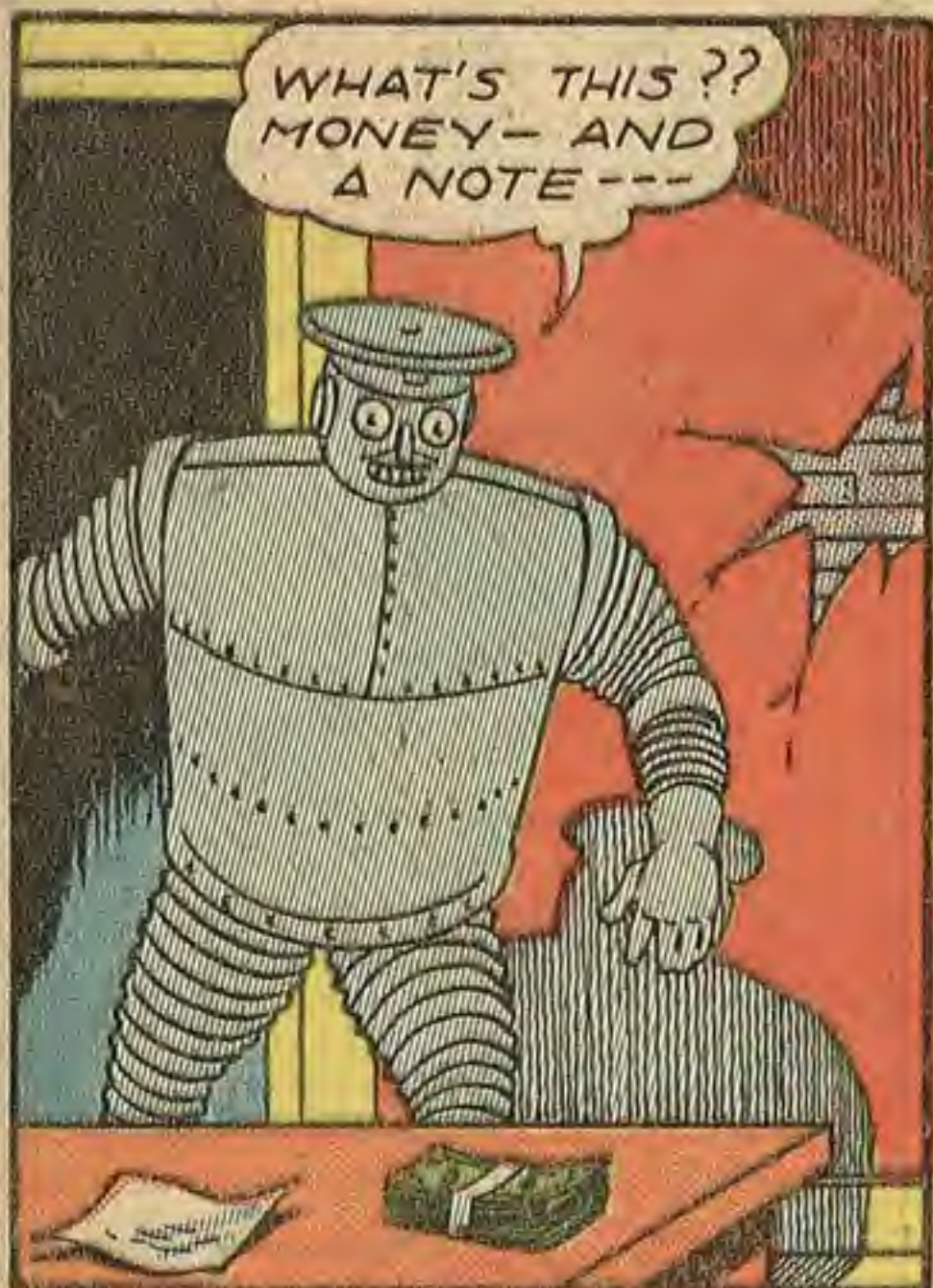
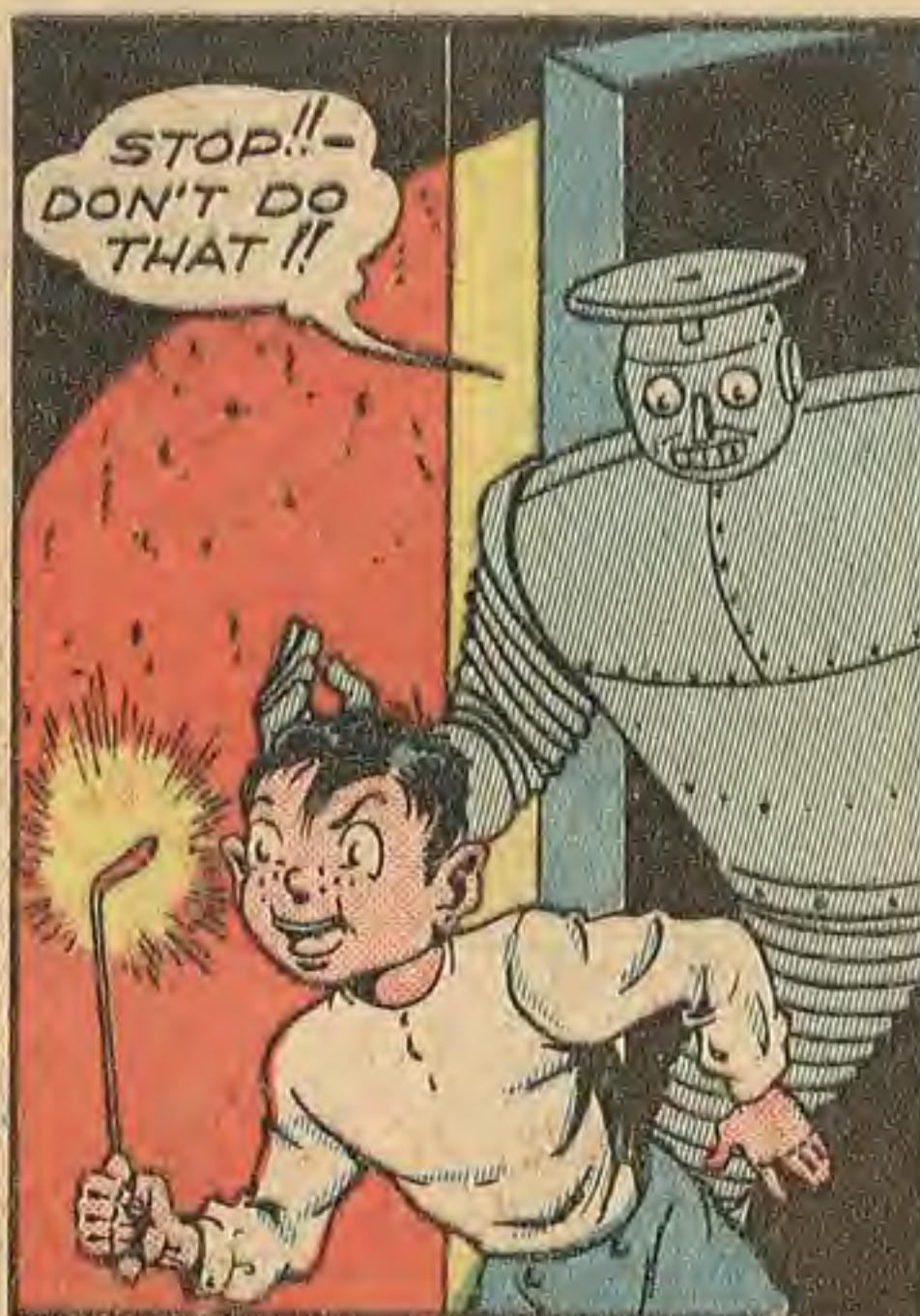


A FEW MINUTES LATER, BOZO FINDS THE TRAIL OF CLOTHES-



AND BACK IN THE HIDE-
OUT AGAIN - HO HUM !!!

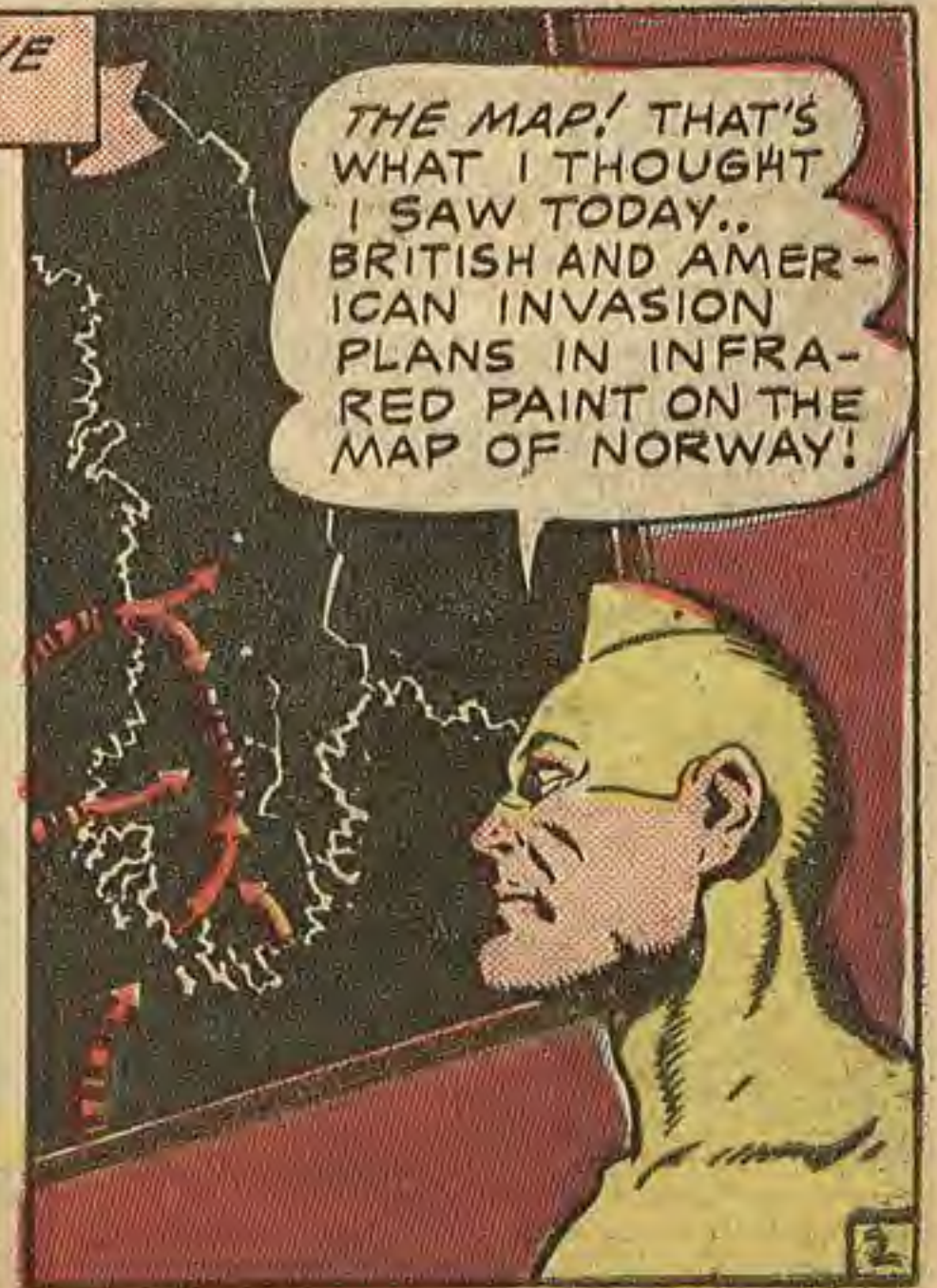


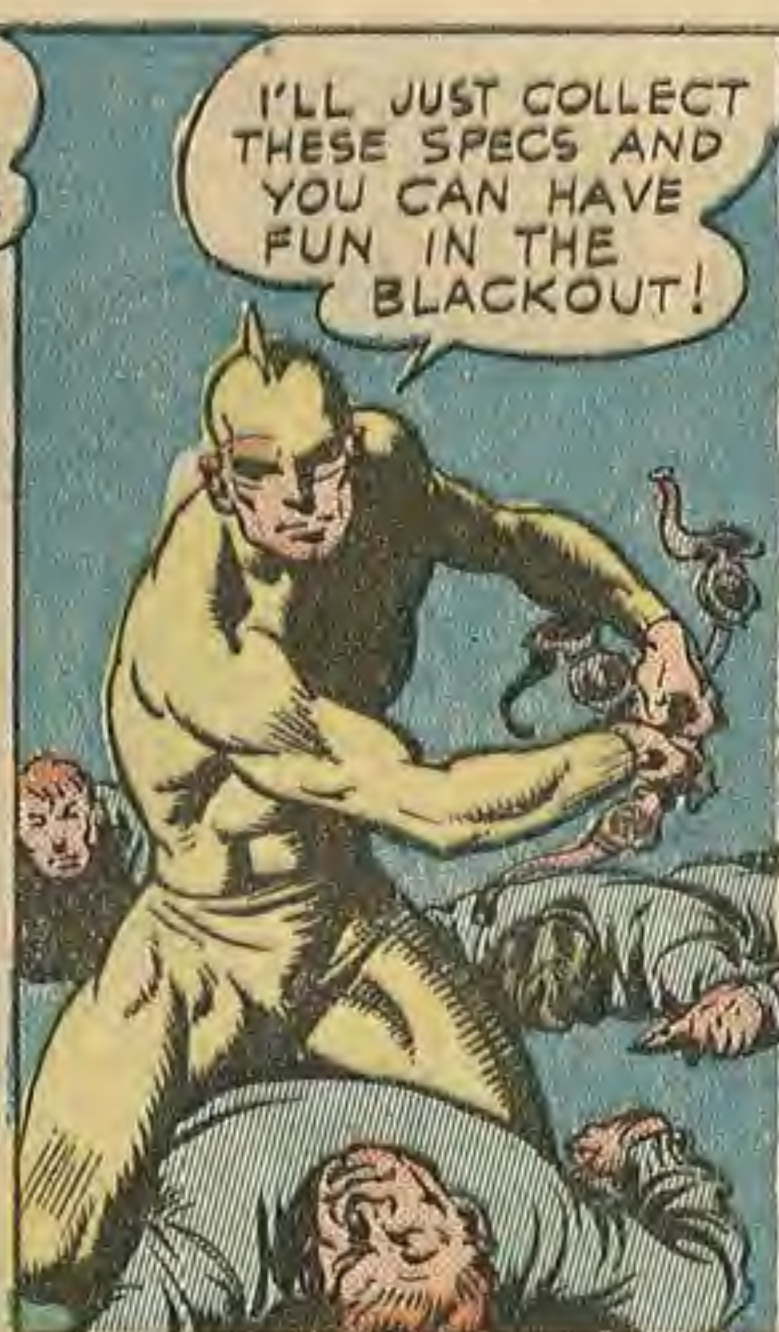




THE TELETYPE ROOM OF THE METROPOLITAN NEWS...









THAT SOMEONE ELSE WOULD BE THE ONE WHO DREW THE MAP. HE'D HAVE BEEN ABLE TO HANG AROUND THE OLD BOAT WITHOUT EXCITING NOTICE..I'LL GO DOWN TO THE DOCKS!



OOPS! SHOULD BE INSIDE IN A BLACKOUT, STRANGER!

EXCUSE ME, THERE'S THAT LIGHT AGAIN!



LIGHT?! WHAT LIGHT? 'ES DAFT!

THE INFRA-RED SIGNAL FROM HEADQUARTERS AND THE ANSWER IS COMING FROM DOWN BY THE DOCKS!



GUV'NOR SAYS TO BURN THE EVIDENCE ALFRED..THEY'RE CLOSING IN ON US!

RIGHTO!



DON'T BOTHER ALFRED! JUST GO TO SLEEP!



YOU CAN USE A REST ALFRED!



NOW I'LL ANSWER THE GUV'NOR MY OWN WAY... --"SOMETHING HAPPENED ADMIT ME HDQ...DISGUISE.. HARRY JONES... THAT IS ALL, ALFRED!"



LATER...

HARRY JONES!

YOU'RE EXPECTED, GO IN!

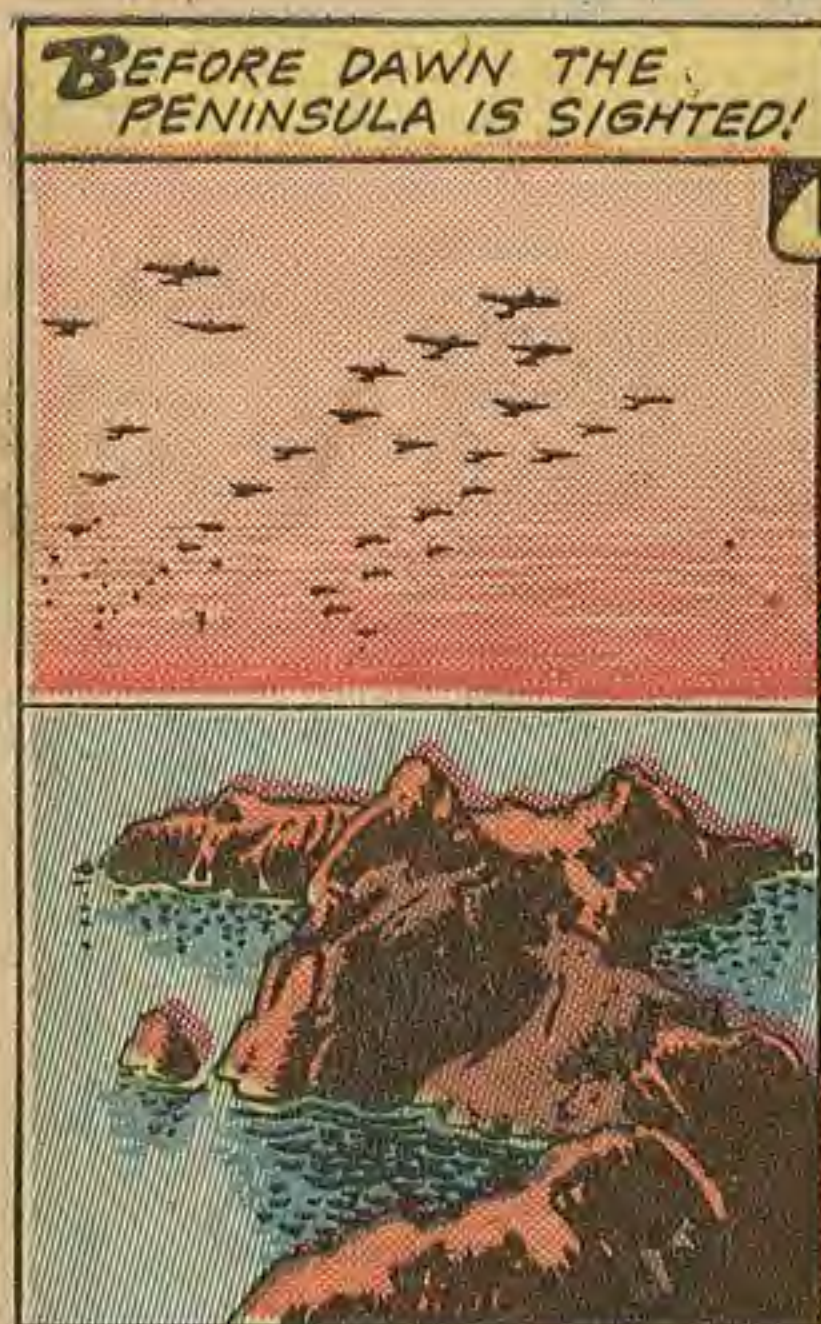


YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE COME AL.. --TERRILL!

SO IT'S YOU SIR ARCHIBALD.. I AM SURPRISED!



NO I WOULDN'T IF I WERE YOU!





Rookie

RANKIN

BY
ARTHUR
PEDDY

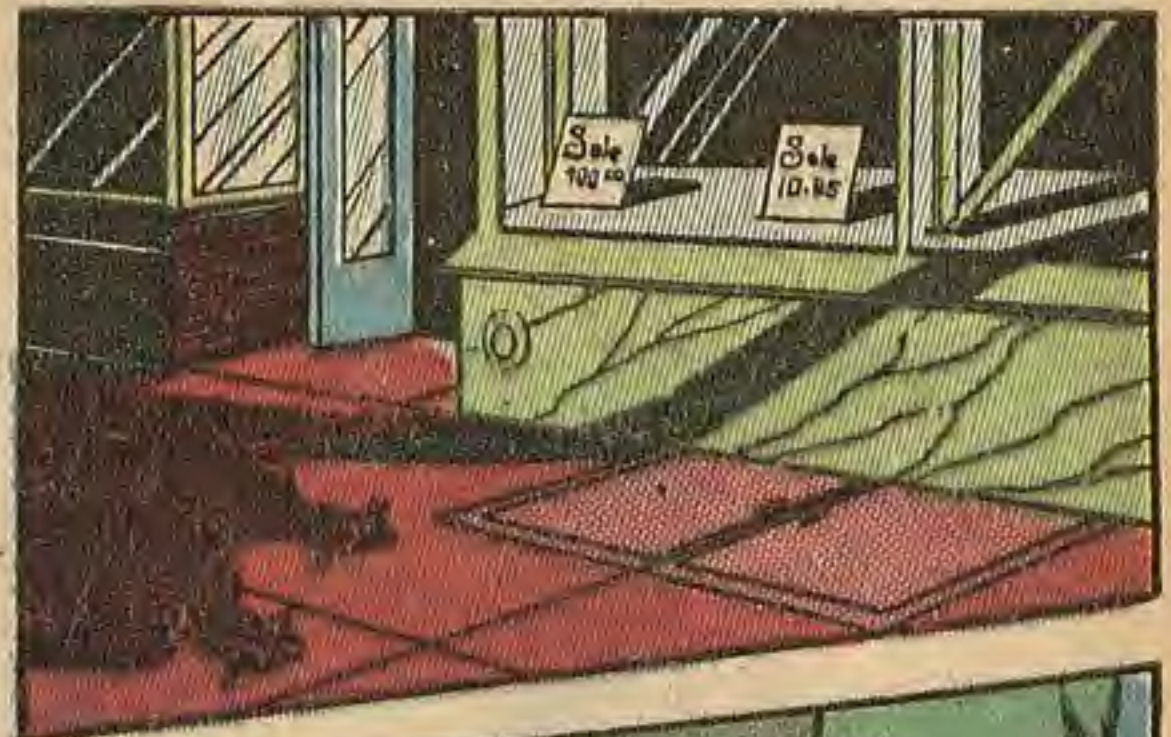


A G-MAN IS LOOSE AMONG THE CROOKS, AND MA RANKIN IS LOOSE AMONG THE COPS.. AS ROOKIE RANKIN, THE YOUTHFUL PRIDE OF THE POLICE FORCE, STEPS INTO AS TOUGH A NEST OF THIEVES AS ANY COP CAN EVER HOPE TO SEND UP THE RIVER..

IN THE FIRST LIGHT OF DAWN, TWO FURTIVE LOOKING FIGURES SLINK AROUND A DESERTED STREET CORNER. . . .



O.K., LOUIE, DE COAST'S CLEAR!



WITH HIS FOOT, ONE OF THE MEN TAPS A SIGNAL ON THE GRATING..





AND THE GRATING SILENTLY OPENS..

DERE SHE GOES? DE BOYS OPENED 'ER UP FOR US!



PRODY DEPARTMENT STORE

LUCKY WE DUCKED DAT COPPER?



BUT, FLATTENED AGAINST THE WALL OF A CORNER BUILDING ROOKIE RANKIN, WATCHES THE MEN..

I WAS RIGHT! THOSE TWO MUGS WERE WORTH FOLLOWING!



GUYS WHO AREN'T UP TO SOMETHING DIRTY DON'T GET INTO BUILDINGS THIS WAY!



HMM! VERY NEAT! TAPPING THE GRATE PROBABLY SETS OFF A BELL SOMEWHERE!



AN INNOCENT LOOKING STOREROOM, SO FAR!



OH, OH! THERE'S A LIGHT!

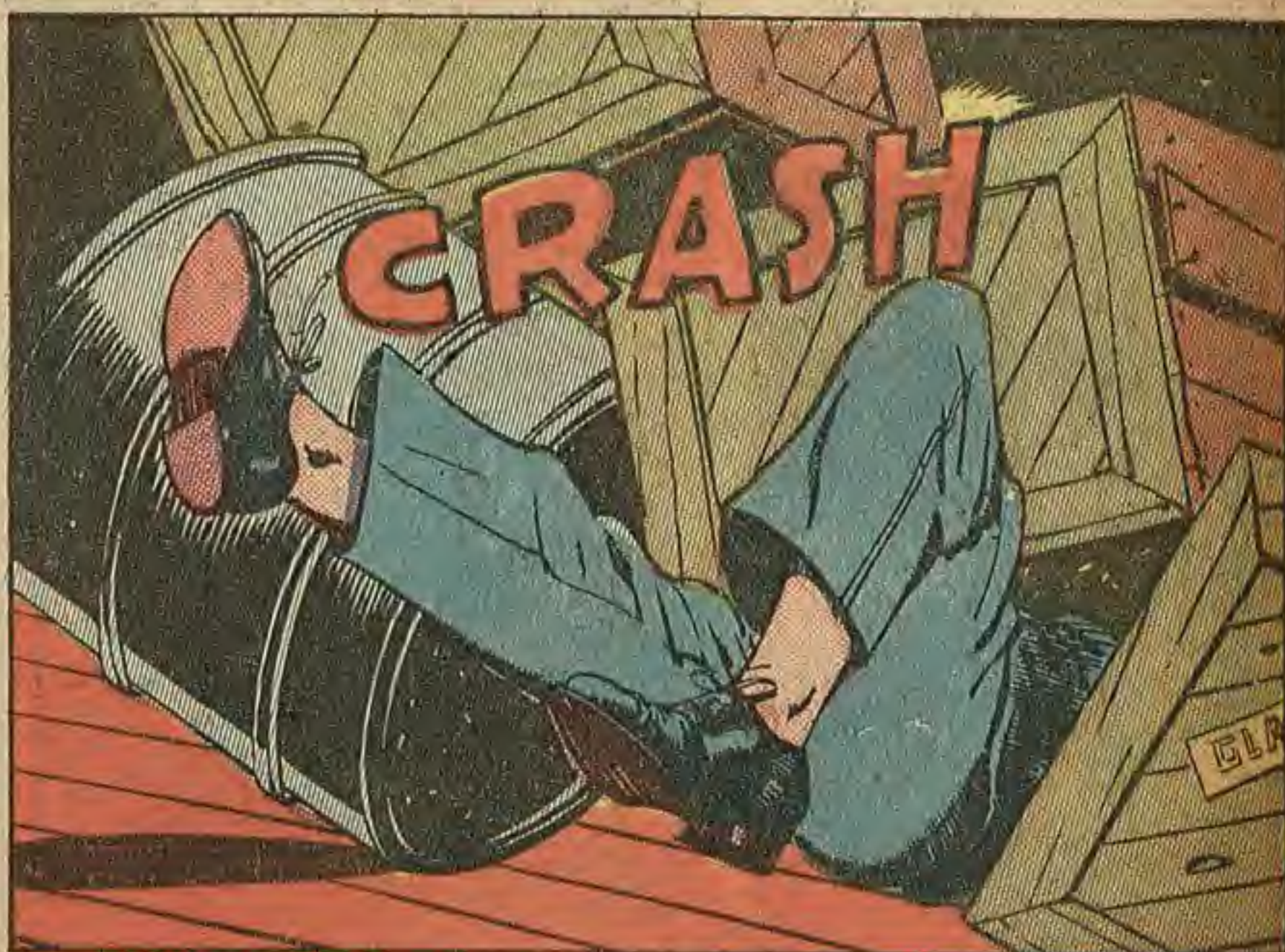


NOW TO SEE WHAT GOES ON!



WE GOT A GOOD T'ING WID THESE PHONEY SUGAR RATION BOOKS? DE DOUGH'S ROLLIN' IN! NEXT, WE'RE PRINTIN' A FLOCK O' GAS RATION BOOKS.. A GUY NEEDIN' A TANKFUL O' GAS'LL PAY PLENTY FER ONE..AN' WE CLEAN UP?

DAT'S A NIFTY IDEA!

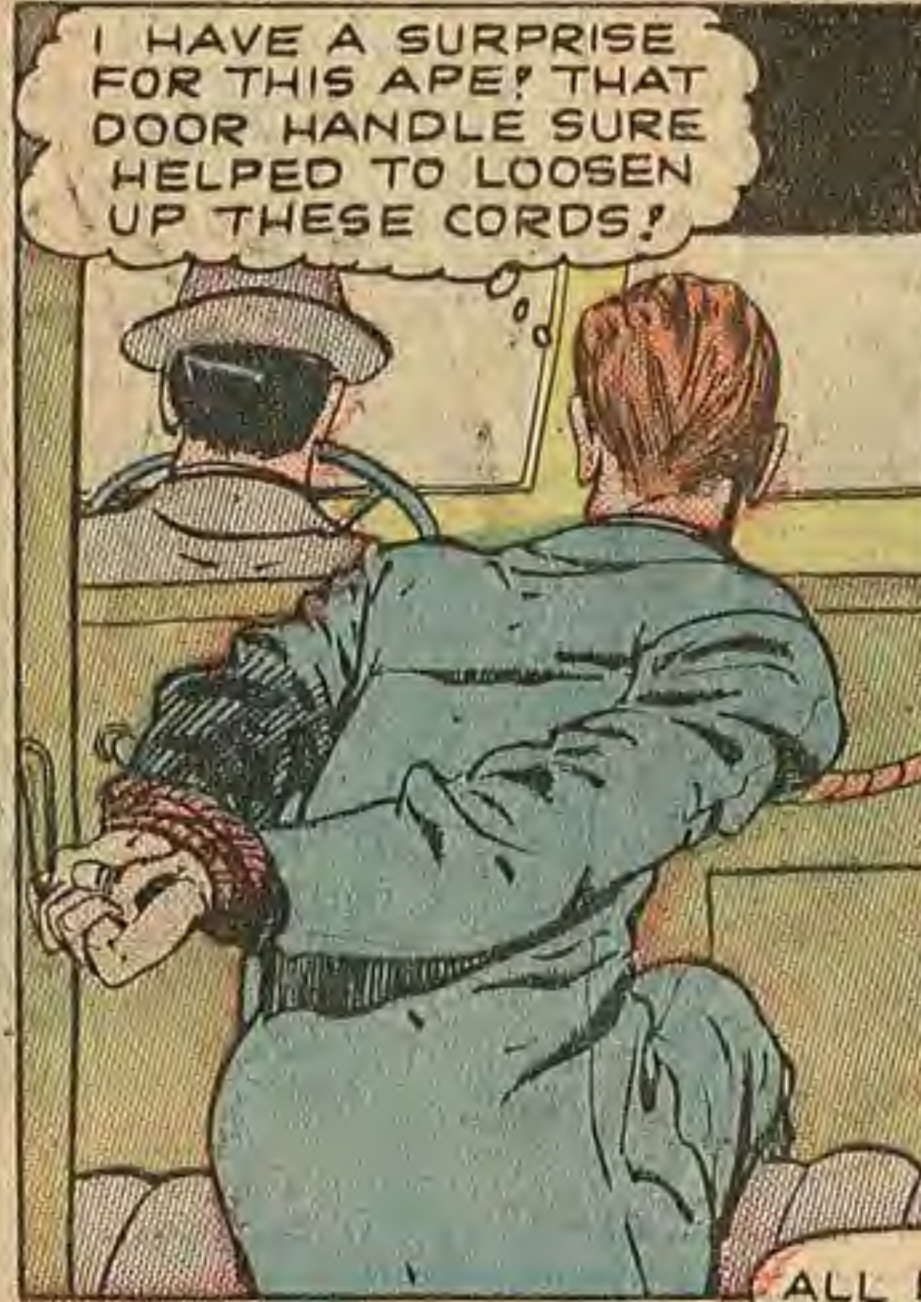




SURE, ARTIE, YER KNOW I LIKE TER KEEP ME BOYS HAPPY! GO AHEAD!



ROOKIE IS DRIVEN OUT TO A LONELY WOOD, ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN..







WHAT IS HE... A COP... OR A KINDERGARTENER? WHAT ARE WE... NURSEMAIDS? ALL RIGHT, DON'T SAY IT... WE'LL PUT OUT A DRAGNET TO FIND MRS. RANKIN'S PRECIOUS SON!

NOW YOU'RE TALKING SENSE, SERGEANT, AND I'M GOING ALONG!



HEAR THAT RADIO CALL, JOE? SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO ROOKIE! AND I LAST SAW HIM NEAR THE CORNER OF 4TH AND CHERRY STREETS!



SEARCHING IN THE VICINITY OF THE STREET ELEVATOR, THE POLICE FIND THE GRATING WHICH ROOKIE HAD PROPPED UP.

MAYBE THIS IS IT! LET'S LOOK IN!



ROOKIE! WHAT'S UP!?

HI, FELLERS! C'MON IN... THE WATER'S FINE!



DESPERATE NOW THAT REINFORCEMENTS HAVE ARRIVED, THE GANGSTERS START SHOOTING.

YOU ASKED FOR IT, COPPERS!



EEE-EE! ROOKIE! MY OWN BABY! HE'S SHOT!



A BULLET WOUND IN HIS SHOULDER, ROOKIE FIGHTS ON... AND LATER...

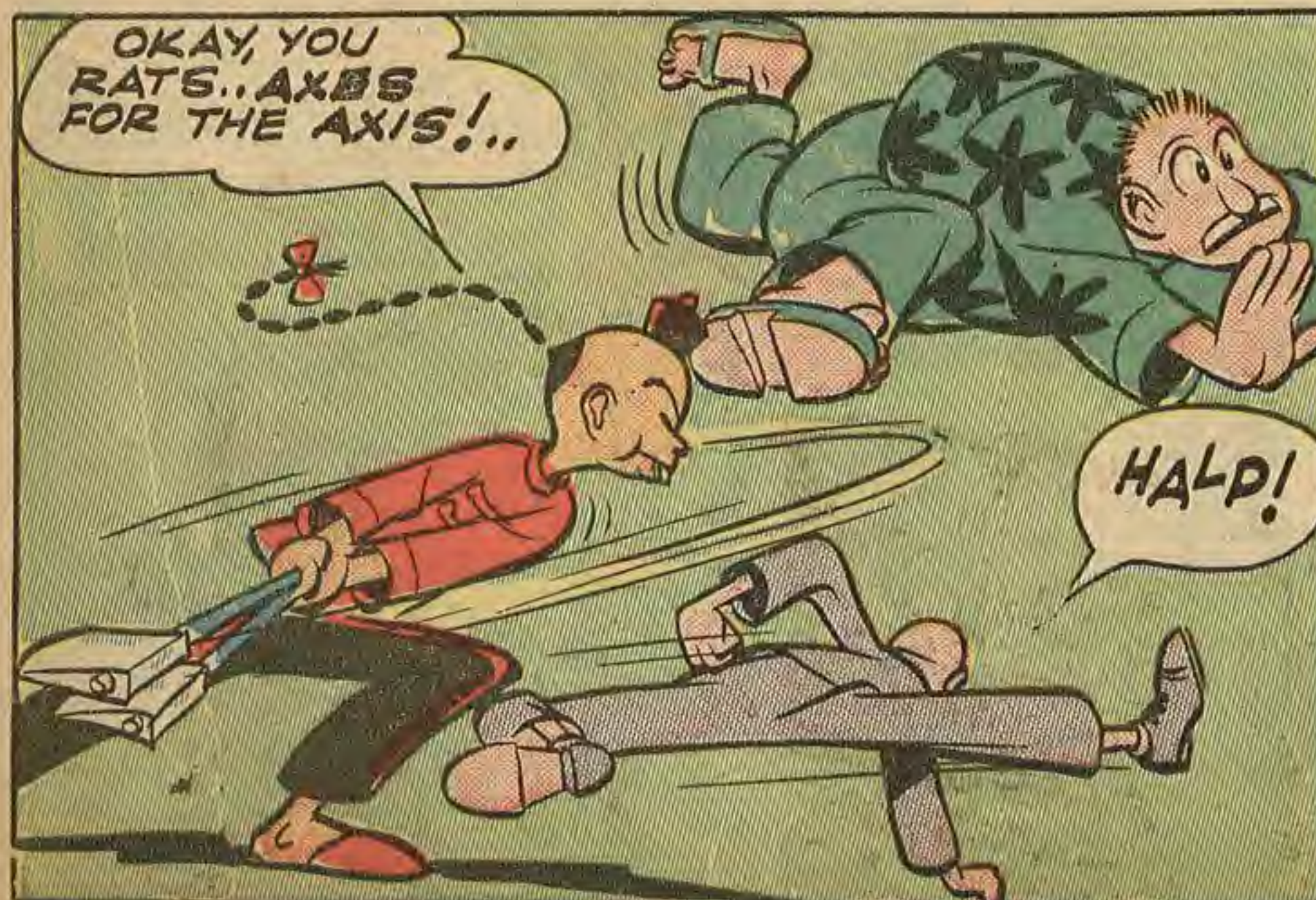
ROOKIE, YOU'RE WOUNDED! OH MY GOODNESS!

LOOK, MA! WE GOT 'EM ALL!



AW GEE, MA! DON'T FUSS WITH ALL THE FELLERS AROUND... THEY'LL THINK...

YOU MIND YOUR TONGUE, YOUNG MAN! I'M TAKING CARE OF THIS WOUND AND THEY CAN THINK WHAT THEY LIKE!



Are you following Blackhawk in each issue of MILITARY COMICS?



AS USUAL, THEIR CHOSEN PROFESSION OF VAUDEVILLIANS TAKES A BACK SEAT WHEN **ROCKY**, THE STRONGMAN, **WARREN**, THE VENTRILOQUIST AND **TINY**, THE MIDGET PLUNGE INTO A GHASTLY WEB OF REVENGE SPUN BY A RAVING MANIAC..



THE BOYS ARE OFF FOR A DAY AT THE ZOO..

WHAT A LIFE! WARREN'S STUDYING MONKEY TALK, SO I GOTTA BE BORED!

AND AFTER ALL I'VE DONE FOR YOU, YA LITTLE RUNT!



O.K, FELLAS, CUT THE SCRAPPIN'. HERE WE ARE!

JUST YOU BE CAREFUL, TINY, THOSE ANIMALS MIGHT NOT LIKE YOUR FACE MUCH!



THEY ENTER THE ZOO..

WOW! TALKIN' ABOUT FACES.. TAKE A GANDER AT THAT ONE!

DIRECTOR'S OFFICE! BAH! I WONDER WHAT THESE DEVILS WANT WITH ME!

GEE! HE GIVES ME THE CREEPS!

INSIDE THE DIRECTOR'S OFFICE..

LISTEN HERE, PETERS, WE'VE HAD COMPLAINTS THAT YOU'VE BEEN BOTHERING THE ANIMALS AGAIN DURING THE NIGHT..I'M AFRAID WE'LL HAVE TO PENSION YOU OFF THIS TIME!

YES, SIR!

BUT YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS.. FIRE ME, EH? I'LL EVEN MY SCORE WITH YOU AND THOSE BLASTED ANIMALS BEFORE I GO!

Meanwhile

HEY, WARREN, HAVEN'T YA GOT ENOUGH O' THIS SILLY CHATTER YET?

HMM..VERY INTERESTING.. OH SURE, ROCKY, I'LL BE THROUGH IN A MINUTE!

CHI! CHI!

SUDDENLY, AS PETERS NEARS THE LION'S CAGE..

GRRRR

HEH! HEH! I'M GOING TO TURN YOU LOOSE, PAL. YOU'LL GET THE DIRECTOR.. AND THE GUARDS WILL GET YOU! YOU'VE CLAWED ME FOR THE LAST TIME!

WHEN I THROW THE MASTER SWITCH, THIS PLACE'LL TURN INTO A BEDLAM!

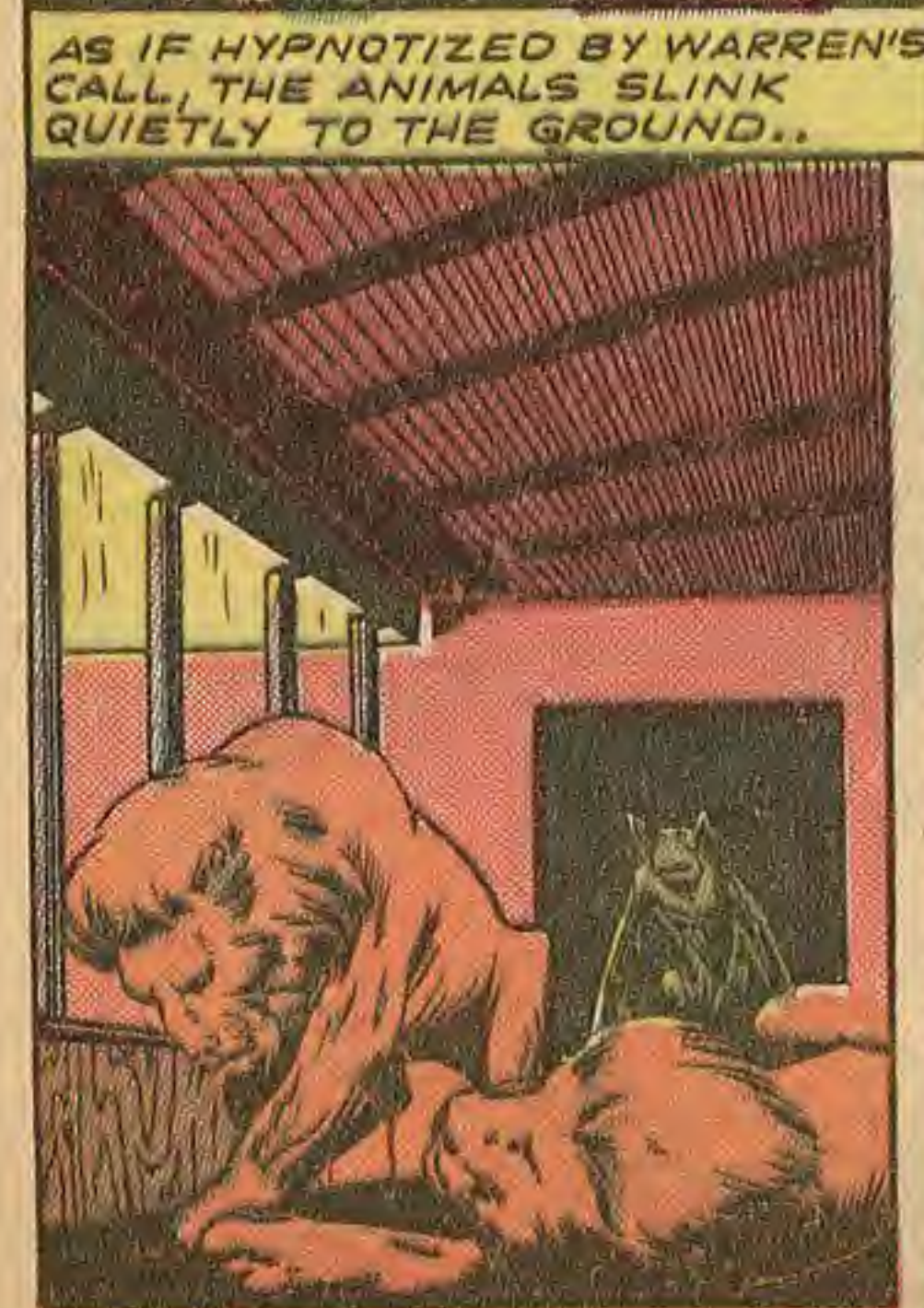
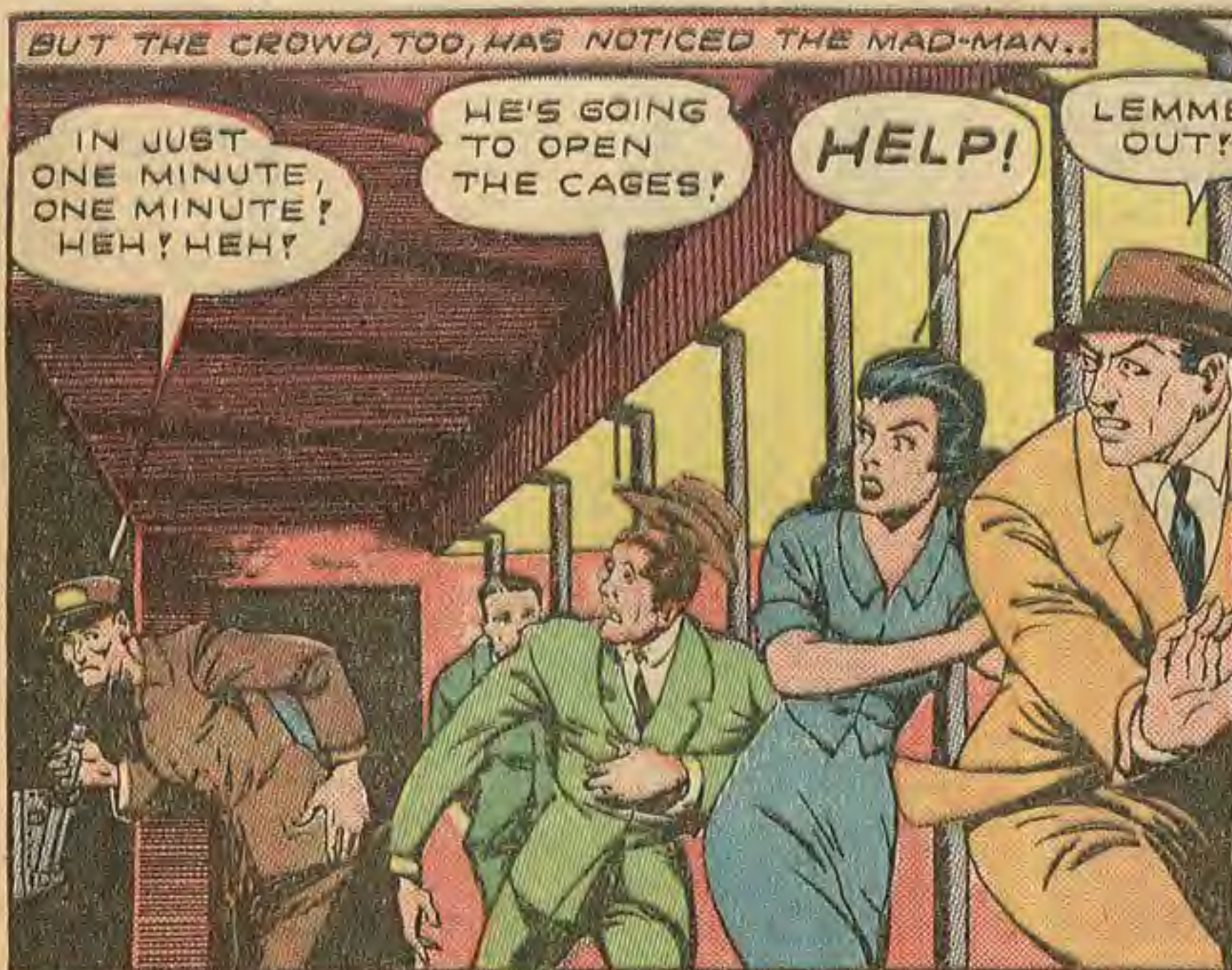
LOOK, FELLAS, HERE COMES DRACULA AGAIN!

HEH, HEH? REVENGE! I'LL SHOW THEM..TOO OLD FOR 'EM, AM I?

HEY, WARREN, WAIT! THAT GUY'S FOOLIN' WITH THE MASTER SWITCH!

AW, C'MON.. IT'S NONE OF OUR BUSINESS.

ER..SAY, ROCKY..LET'S GET SOMETHIN' TO EAT, OR..







SPY

MULLER had always been a sort of mystery. No one seemed to know anything about his past. And certainly Kermil Muller said nothing about it. Since he had been transferred to the C Battalion, he had remained to himself as much as possible. There was much discussion concerning him, and not a few of us had the idea that he was hiding from something or somebody.

We had been stationed in Algiers for three weeks when a new recruit joined us. And for the first time we learned a little about Muller. This recruit, Monty Duplaine, told us that Muller had been cashiered from the Foreign Legion two years before, for revealing vital information to the enemy.

There was a big engagement coming up and we were prepared to meet the Nazi panzer division in great style. Or so we thought. Three companies were dispatched the day following Duplaine's arrival. He was among them. So was Muller. They had intercepted a radio message from the German High Command, and the commanding officer was in full possession of the enemy's intended movements. Or so they thought.

That was one of the battles everyone read about in the newspapers. It was plain slaughter. Our forces were supposed to be in a stipulated area so as to make a surprise attack on the Nazis before they were ready for it. But something happened. Just at nightfall the enemy surrounded the three companies and poured such a withering fire into them that little was left. Duplaine was killed. Twenty-seven of our men returned to headquarters. Among them was Muller.

During the next three weeks we tangled with the enemy five times, and each time we lost because the Nazis always seemed to be in possession of our plan of movements. There was only one answer; vital information

was leaking out. Was there a spy in our midst?

One evening I took a squad out on patrol duty and ordered Muller to be one of the group. We had gone about four miles when I saw Muller halt suddenly and cock his head as if listening. There was nothing to listen to, except the crunch of the men's shoes on the flinty sand. Not a breath of air stirred and no one was speaking. Muller thought he was unobserved. I came up on him from the rear and heard him say in a low tone, "Good!" as if he had witnessed something particularly to his liking. Or had heard it.

I said, "What are you waiting for, Muller?"

He whirled around, his face drawn in the vanishing light. He bent over quickly and fumbled with his shoe string. "Nothing," he said. "Only I got a pebble in my shoe."

But somehow I knew Muller had no pebble in his shoe. But what the dickens had he been doing there? Listening? Listening to what? I determined to watch the chap closely from then on.

But I didn't get the opportunity because Muller was transferred from our company two days later. Our losses continued with undiminished regularity. So it looked like Muller was not the spy, as I had rather suspected. Who was, then?

Other companies were undergoing the same terrible punishment. It was evident that the secret plans of our entire force, in every sector, were being relayed to the enemy. It was too much for me. But the army officials were in a panic. Wavell and a couple of high brass hats met in secret session to discuss the situation. And ended with no solution.

It was about this time when a young American visited the colonel. I happened to be in his office when the youth was intro-

duced. He was a tall, rangy chap with crisp hair and lively eyes. He shook hands with the colonel and I and plunged immediately into the purpose of his visit.

The colonel had heard of him. "Jimmy Christian," he pondered. "Are you the Jimmy Christian who ran down that Black Dragon society in London last summer?"

Christian nodded.

"Egad!" chuckled the colonel. "Then we are indeed fortunate. I had no idea that—"

"Don't pin too much faith in my past good luck, Colonel Deems," laughed Jimmy. "I can assure you that I stumbled onto that bunch of rats accidentally."

"Modesty, modesty," boomed the colonel. "That isn't the only great trick you've turned in your career of roving detective."

Jimmy stood up. "Have it your way then," he grinned. "I'll sure do everything in my power to run down your spy ring. Looks like a pretty tough nut to crack from here."

I followed young Christian outside. I liked the guy right off, and somehow I felt he would turn up something. I even felt a thrill when he turned to me and asked if I could tell him something about the men—were any of them suspected? Any queer ones? Etc.

I told him about Muller.

"I'll keep an eye on the chap," he said. "He sounds like he might bear watching."

"But he's been transferred to Company M," I informed him.

"In that case," said Christian, "we'll have to visit Company M. Could you get a transfer, Lieut. Cline?"

"Me?" I said in surprise. "You mean you want me to go along?"

"Why not?" laughed Jimmy. "Two heads are better than one."

"Done!" I exclaimed. "Nothing would suit me more."

The transfer was easy to obtain, and the next morning we were off. Sixty miles of desert separated the two companies, but we made it in the little jeep under two hours. And there were no roads.

Company M was moving that afternoon. Their orders were to flank the enemy in their sector some fifty miles to the south. Eight companies were to rendezvous at a stated point and surprise the enemy—if possible.

So Jimmy Christian and I moved with the soldiers that afternoon. We saw nothing of Muller, but I was assured that he was along. The engagement was a rout for us, and we lost a total of 617 men. I don't know how much equipment.

The enemy KNEW! They were ready for us, you could see that instantly. But how did they know?

We had to await new equipment, and for three days our bunch didn't do anything. Two nights after the battle Christian and I were cautiously strolling among the tents of the sleeping men. What we expected, or hoped, to discover neither of us knew. But it was better than just sitting.

The camp was utterly quiet. Only the sentries moved back and forth with monotonous regularity. And far off to the east a jackal yowled mournfully.

Christian suddenly stopped behind one of the tents, and cautioned me for silence.

"Listen," he whispered.

I didn't hear anything at first. Then through the bleached canvas came a jumble of staccato words delivered in a low but sharp voice.

"Radio," said Christian.

"But none of the men have radios," I told him. "They're prohibited, you know."

"But—" began Jimmy. "Come on, let's see."

We went around to the flaps of the tent and entered. It was Muller's tent. He was lying on his bunk, apparently asleep. He

turned his head quickly as I stepped inside. The voice ceased instantly.

"Muller!" I exclaimed. "You've got a radio in here!"

Muller raised his head. Laughed. "Yeah?" he said. "Find it, then!"

"Get up," I ordered. "We're going to search your effects."

Muller didn't interfere as we ransacked every inch of that tent interior. We found no radio.

"Satisfied?" he asked in a taunting tone.

"No," Jimmy said quietly. "What we heard out there was not your voice; it was distinctly radio and it was a transmission of army orders."

Muller laughed. "How interesting, but what are you going to do about it? You found no radio, did you?"

The man irked me. I said, "Muller, you're under suspicion of being a spy. I may as well warn you that your movements are being watched."

We left him then. Outside Christian shook his head. "Can't figure it," he said. "I'd swear that was radio—code."

I agreed with him. The code was changed frequently and I presumed that it wouldn't be impossible to get a copy of it. But what was Muller receiving on—if he was? And how did he relay the information—if he had any?

Muller was ordered to reconnoiter the next morning and Christian and I followed him at a discreet distance. He circled the camp once, which was a two hour detail; then he halted and very deliberately looked all about him as if to make certain that no one saw him. We were crouched in a clump of thorn-bush some fifty yards from him. He struck off toward the east at a brisk walk; we followed him, always keeping out of sight.

He stopped at a thick cluster of brush, then entered it. A minute later a carrier pigeon rose in flight from the bush and winged its way eastward. Muller reappeared and started toward

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us. I stepped in his path suddenly.

"Well, Muller, that explains a lot of things," I told him. He turned a deadly white for a moment, but almost instantly a grin overspread his face.

"Explains what?" he demanded.

"You freed that pigeon with a message to the enemy, and don't try to deny it," I snapped.

"Prove it," he came back.

"How are you getting information?" I next asked him. "You've got a radio somewhere and I mean to find it."

Jimmy said then, "I think I know how Muller gets his information. Open your mouth, please," he said to the man. Muller obeyed. Half his teeth were gold.

"Just as I thought," said Jimmy. "You receive radio waves through your teeth. There have been several instances of the same thing known before—persons with gold teeth or fillings."

Muller's hand darted to his pistol, but I covered him before he reached the weapon.

"No you don't!" I said. "You're under arrest, Muller. March!"

Later that day we proved that Jimmy Christian was right. When he was finally convinced that we had the goods on him, Muller confessed and showed us that he did receive radio waves through his teeth.

All I can say is, "Will wonders never cease!"

WINGS WENDALL

by
VERNON
HENRIK

IT IS DIRTY WEATHER OFF THE ATLANTIC COAST BUT THE RELENTLESS NAVY BLIMPS PATROL THE SEAWAYS EVER ON THE ALERT FOR AXIS RATTLESNAKES



SUBMARINE WAKE BELOW TO STARBOARD, SIR!!

BENEATH THE SEAS...



ACH! IT ISS A WEEK SINCE I, CAPITAN KROLL, DER UNDERSEA WOLF, HAVE SUNK AN ALLIED SHIP UND DER ISS STILL NONE ON DER HORIZON SURFACE



SHE'S COMING UP...THEY DON'T SEE US YET... OPEN BOMB BAY!



ACHTUNG! HIMMEL! VE ARE ATTACKED!!



COWARDS! MURDERERS!!

ABANDON SHIP! VE ARE SINKING!!





WELL, HERE WE ARE...PARKED IN THE AIR IN A STUFFED BALLOON!

I ADMIT IT ISN'T VERY ROMANTIC.. BUT...



LOOK! THERE'S A BIG CONVOY MOVING OUT AND ANOTHER U.S. BLIMP IS FOLLOWING IT!

LET'S ASK 'EM HOW THE YANKEES MADE OUT!



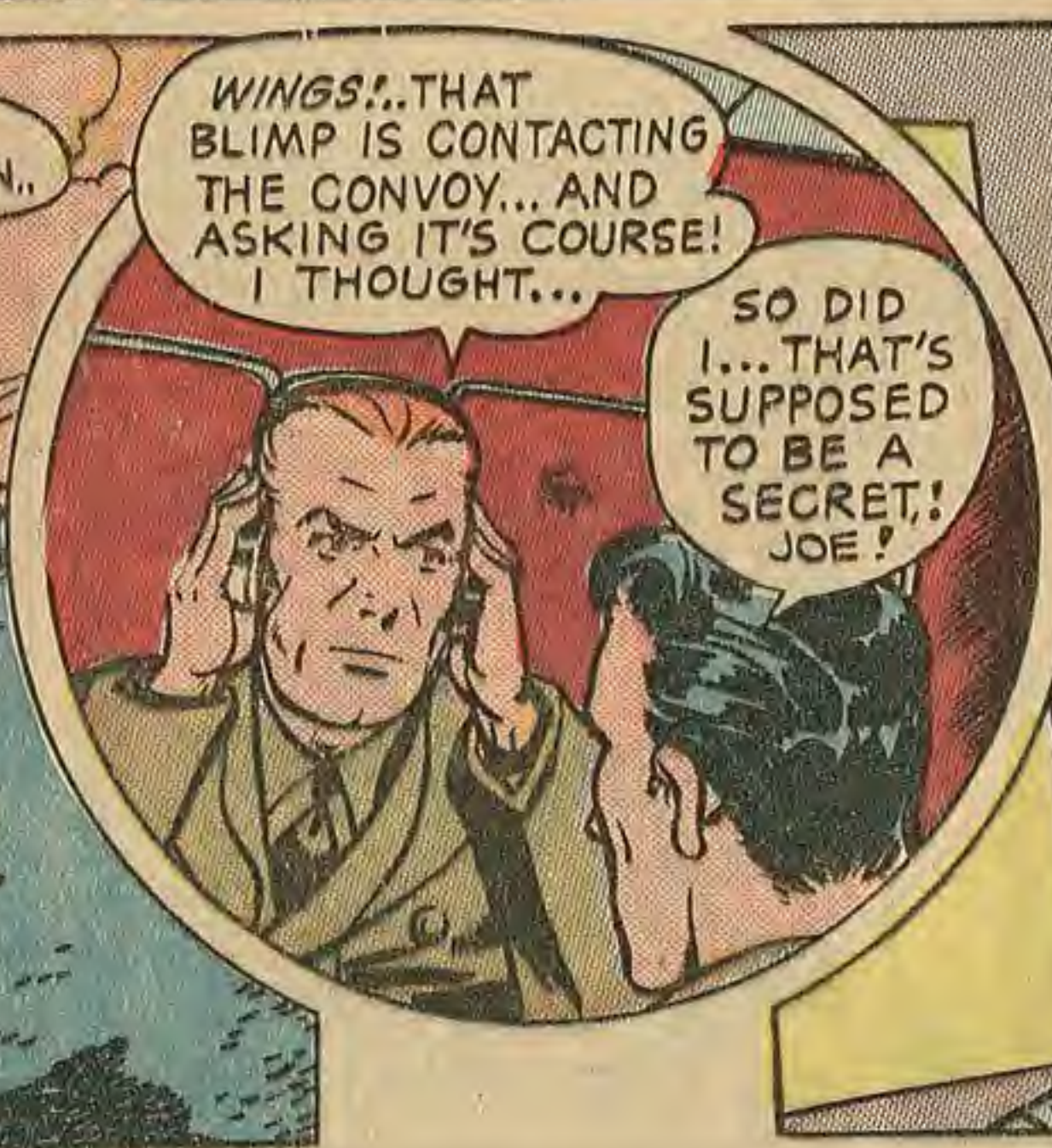
ABOARD THE "OTHER" SHIP...

CAPTAN KROLL, DERE'S ANOTHER BLIMP COMING ALONGSIDE!

PUT ON DER AMERICAN SWINE'S UNIFORMS.. DEY MUSTN'T SUSPECT!



GREETINGS, SIR!...ER... SEEMS LIKE THE WIRES BUSY..LISTEN..



WINGS!..THAT BLIMP IS CONTACTING THE CONVOY... AND ASKING IT'S COURSE! I THOUGHT...

SO DID I... THAT'S SUPPOSED TO BE A SECRET! JOE!



AH! DEY SENT US DER CONVOY ROUTE... BUT VE MUST GET RID UFF DOT ODDER AIRSHIP... CONTACT DEM!



HERE'S A WIRELESS FROM OUR COUSIN... THEY SAY WE SHOULD SWING AROUND IN A 50 MILE CIRCLE TO WATCH FOR SUBS!



THAT'S FUNNY...CAN'T THEY SEE I FLY A COMMANDER'S PENNANT.. BUT DO AS THEY SAY!



I'M GOING TO WATCH OUR COUSIN VERY CLOSELY!





UNKNOWNING THE ALLIED MERCHANT
MEN STEAM SLOWLY INTO THE
NAZI U-BOAT TRAP...



CAPITAN KROLL VAS
RIGHT! TAKE UP POSITIONS
ON BOTH SIDES UFF DER
CONVOY...VE VILL SINK
A DOZEN SHIPS!!!



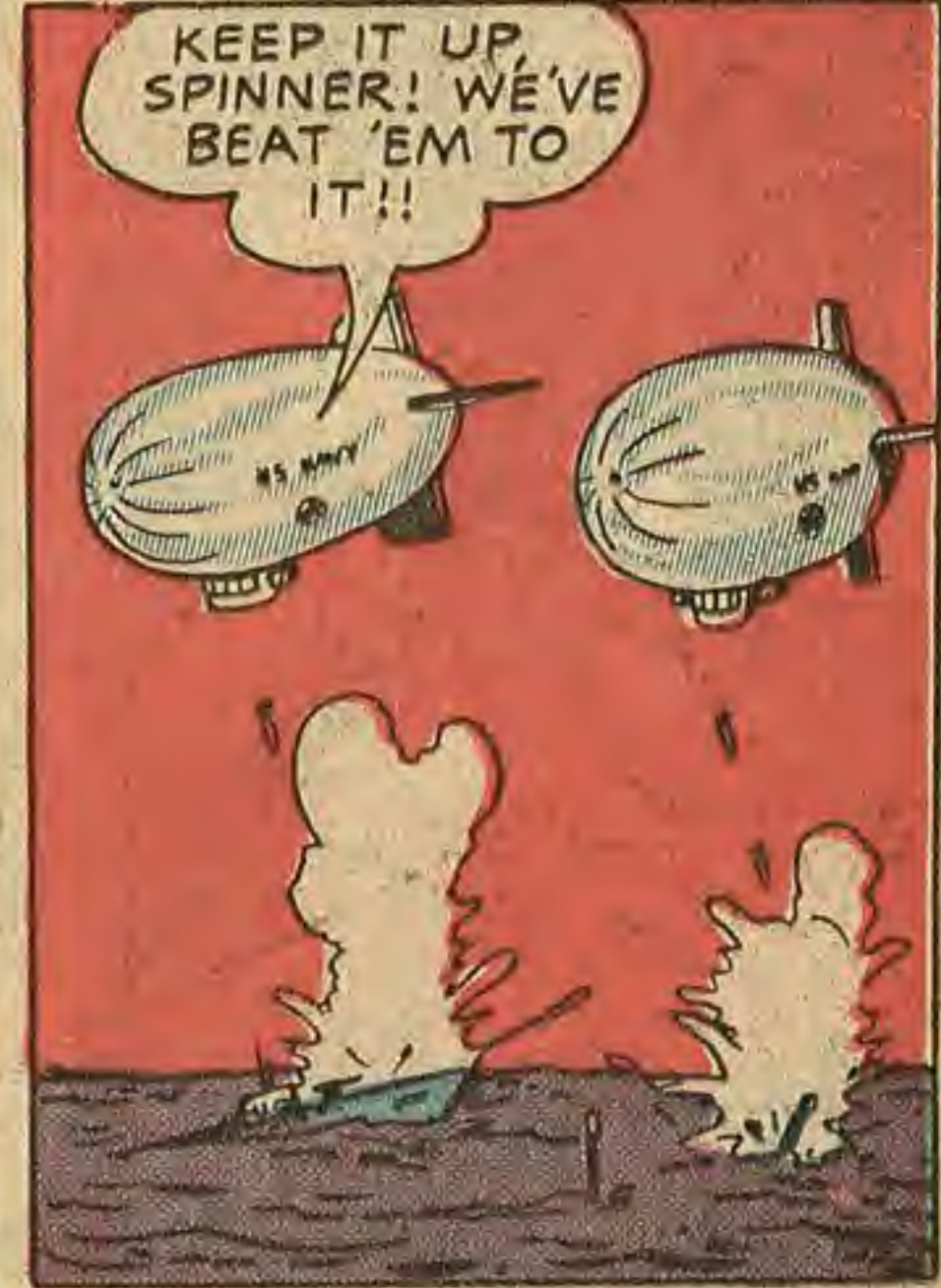
VE ARE IN
RANGE...
COMMENCE
FIRING!!



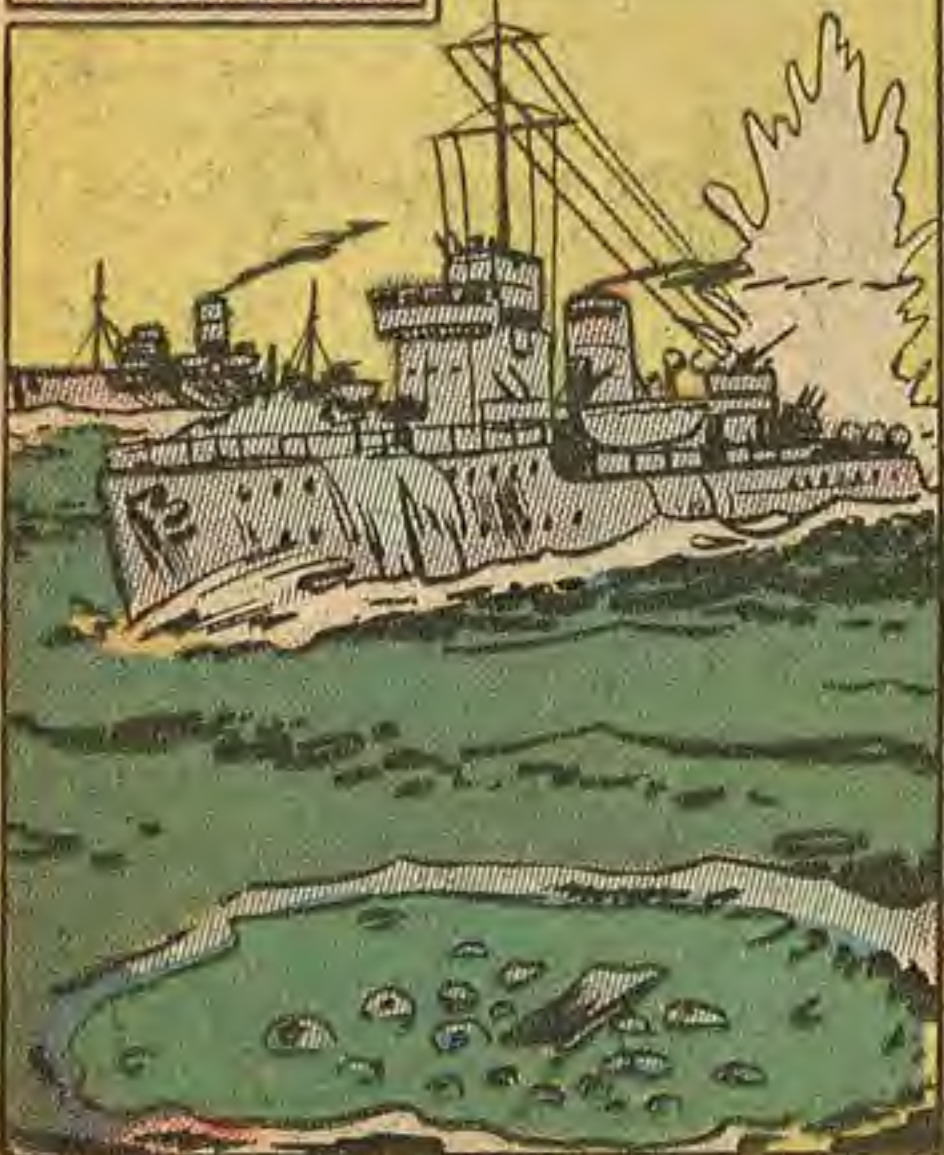
GOTT IM
HIMMEL!
VE ARE
SUNK!!



KEEP IT UP,
SPINNER! WE'VE
BEAT 'EM TO
IT!!



FAST ESCORT CORVETTES FINISH
THE JOB WINGS AND SPINNER
STARTED...



LOOK! MR. UNDERSEA
WOLF, YOUR HUNTING PACK
IS WIPED OUT TO THE
LAST SHIP! THAT'S HOW
UNCLE SAM TAKES CARE
OF RATTLESNAKES!



BACK IN WASHINGTON..

CAPTAIN
WENDALL
REPORTING..
MISSION
ACCOMPLISHED
SIR!

GREAT! AND
WE'VE SENT
OUT NAVAL
UNITS TO
DESTROY THAT
SUB BASE!





EVEN THE ANCIENT WALLS SHUDDER AT THE VAIN BOASTS OF THE NAZI CONQUERER...

WE ARE THE MASTER RACE, EH, HURTZ... LOOK AT ME, AM I NOT THE TRUE ARYAN TYPE? RULER OF MEN, YES?

INDEED, HERR SHTUPER..

SOMEDAY I'LL TELL THAT FAT-HEAD WHAT I REALLY THINK OF HIM!

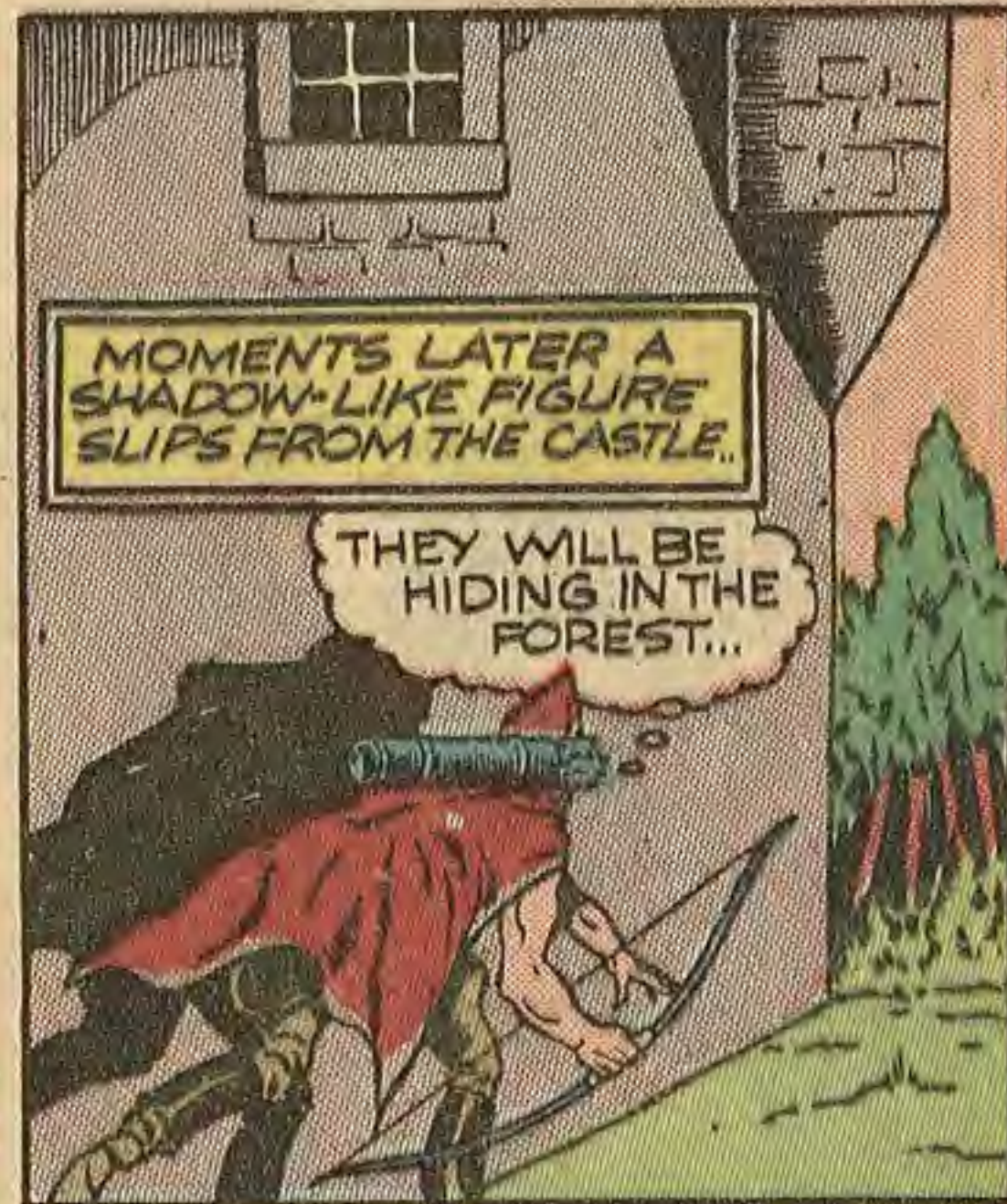
SUDDENLY... THROUGH A WINDOW COMES A DEAFENING REPORT...



HERR SHTUPER! SHOT IN THE HEAD!!

WELL, THAT TOLD HIM OFF BETTER THAN ANY WORDS OF MINE COULD.. BUT WHO..?







A MESSAGE FROM THE MARKSMAN!

"YOU CAN SEIZE THE SECRET PLANS OF THE GERMAN HIGH COMMAND AND TAKE THEM TO ENGLAND IF YOU WILL FOLLOW THESE DIRECTIONS..."



LATER...

MAY I TAKE A DUPLICATE OF THE PLANS TO MY ROOM, TO STUDY IT TONIGHT?

CERTAINLY, MAJOR HURTZ...



ARE YOU SURE YOU UNBOLTED ALL THE DOORS IN THE SECRET PASSAGE, VORKA?

ABSOLUTELY SIRE!

THEN THEY SHOULD BE HERE SOON...



JUST THEN...

I AM FRIENDS.. THE PLANS ARE THERE ON THE TABLE

YOU ARE MAJOR HURTZ?



BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND...

IT IS AS WELL.. TAKE THEM QUICKLY AND BE SURE TO GO EASTWARD WHEN YOU LEAVE... A BOAT WILL BE WAITING AT ADZIG...



WHEN THE "SHADOWS" HAVE GONE...

NOW TO GO INTO MY ACT.. VON HOFF! GRUENBERG! COME AT ONCE! THEY HAVE BEEN HERE!



WHO?

WHAT?

THE "THREE SHADOWS" THE ONES WHO SHOT SCHTUPER... YOU SEE I STRUGGLED BUT THEY ESCAPED...



WHAT DID THEY WANT?

THE DUPLICATE PLANS.. BUT THEY DIDN'T GET THEM AS YOU SEE... I BURNED THEM!

GOOD WORK, HURTZ!



THEY ESCAPED DOWN THE PARAPETS.. VORKA AND I SAW THEM RUNNING TOWARD THE WEST...

COME WE WILL GET THEM OURSELVES TO AVENGE SCHTUPER!



THEY WERE ON FOOT.. WE SHOULD EASILY OVER-TAKE THEM..

I HOPE NOT



BUT UNFORTUNATELY THE SHADOWS ARE OVER-CALITIOUS..

THIS MIGHT BE A TRAP.. WE WILL EACH TAKE A SECTION OF THE PLANS AND GO IN DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS... MEETING AT ADZIG...



ONE MAN TAKES A WESTERLY COURSE...

WHAT'S THAT? A GERMAN SCOUT CAR?



BUT IT IS TOO LATE...

THERE'S ONE! I GOT HIM!

NO IT CAN'T BE



TO BAD! THEY DID NOT TRUST ME! IT IS THE POLISH "SHADOW".. HMM.. I'D BETTER SEACH HIM QUICKLY MY-SELF!



COME, MAJOR, WE CANNOT STOP FOR THIS ONE... THE OTHERS ARE STILL ALIVE, AHEAD!

YES, THEY MUST BE A-HEAD... LET'S GO!!



NOW I HAVE ONE THIRD OF THE PLANS.. IT MUST REACH ENGLAND WITH THE REST... THERE IS ONLY ONE THING TO DO...



SUDDENLY THE CAR STOPS AND..

THERE IN THE WOODS! I SAW THEM!!



WHERE? WHERE DID YOU GO HURTZ?

MAJOR HURTZ?

BANG!
THE MAJOR IS, AT THIS MOMENT MEETING WITH A MOST UN-FORTUNATE ACCIDENT!!



WE WILL RETURN FOR HURTZ... SEARCH THE WOODS FOR THE "SHADOWS" FIRST!



WHILE THE FRANTIC MAN-HUNT CONTINUES, MAJOR HURTZ RETURNS TO THE CASTLE...

I CAN'T RISK BEING SEEN, BUT THIS GREEN BRANCH AND TOUGH STRIP OF BARK SHOULD HELP ME...



THUS, WITH A MAKE-SHIFT BOW, THE MARKSMAN SENDS A MESSAGE TO HIS TOWER ROOM...

NOT TEN MINUTES LATER...



HERE MASTER, YOUR CLOAK, BOW, AND ARROWS...

GOOD WORK VORKA!

MEANWHILE... AT ADZIG...



THERE IS OUR BOAT READY AND FULLY EQUIPED... BUT WHERE IS JAN?

HE IS LATE LOOK! THE GESTAPO !!



YES, THIS IS ANOTHER BOAT SUPPLIED BY THE UNDERGROUND TO TAKE FUGITIVES TO SWEDEN...

WE WILL REMOVE IT!



I'LL DO THE REMOVING !!



TH... THE... MARKSMAN! (GASP)...

YAAAAA!



BUT...

THEY WILL NOT GET THE BOAT... I WILL IGNITE THE GAS TANK!



UNDERCOVER OF A PROTECTING MIST, THE FRAIL CRAFT WITH ITS BRAVE CREW LEAVES THE HOSTILE SHORE FAR BEHIND...



LASHED BY THE COLD, ANGRY WAVES OF THE BALTIC SEA, THEY SURVIVE THREE DAYS AND FOUR NIGHTS OF CEASELESS ROWING, HUNGER, AND FATIGUE...



ON THE FOURTH DAY THE SUN PROVES THEIR ENEMY..







Hi Boys!

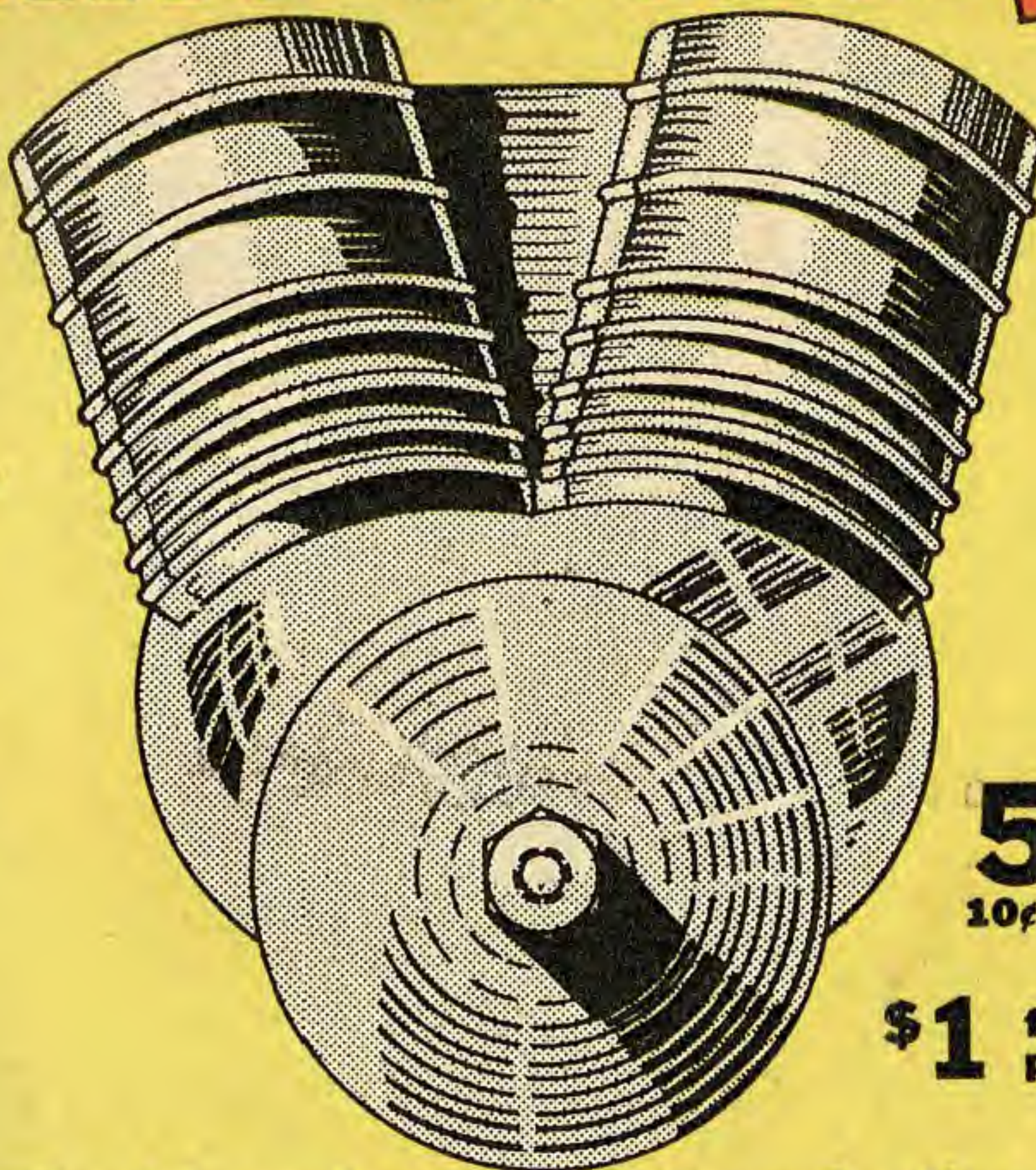
It gives me pleasure to bring you for the first time a little gadget for your bike that produces the roar of a real motor.

Jim Prentice

ANNOUNCING

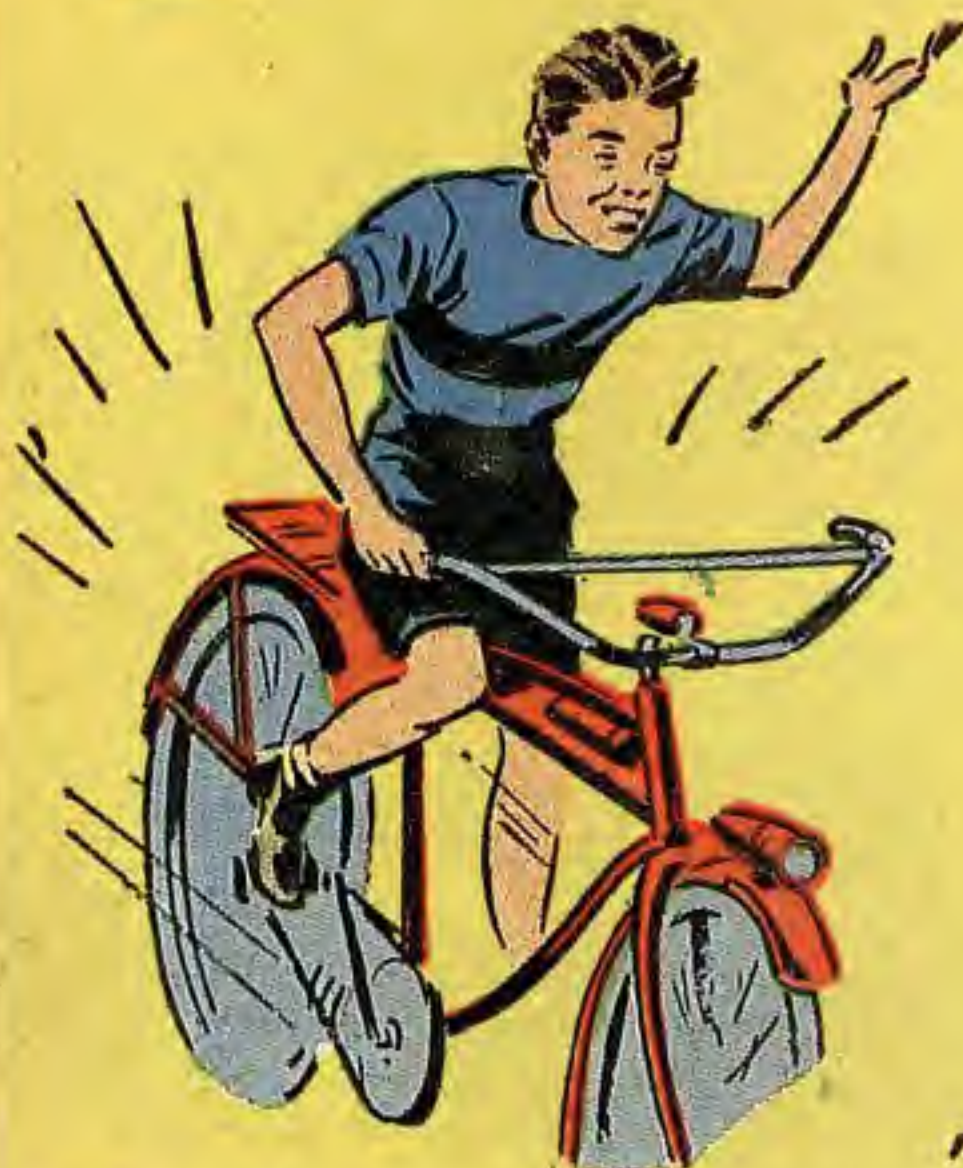
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without
cost.

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girls, men & women. Giv-
en for selling only
one order, plus 75c
extra.



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